

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



139 237

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

C A T H E D R A L S

OF THE

OLD WORLD.

BY

M R S. S. ROBBINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE MASS. SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND
APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY.
DEPOSITORY, No. 18 CORNHILL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,
In the Clerk's Office of the ~~District Court of the~~ District of Massachusetts.

C A M B R I D G E :
ALLEN AND PARNHAM, STEREOTYPERs AND PRINTERS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WESTMINSTER ABBEY	5
YORK MINSTER	54
ELY AND PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRALS	76
COLOGNE CATHEDRAL	96
NOTRE DAME	122
STRASBURG AND FREYBURG CATHEDRALS	142
MILAN CATHEDRAL	162
ST. PETER'S	191

CATHEDRALS OF THE OLD WORLD.

CHAPTER FIRST.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE religious history of every nation may be said, in some measure, to be visibly portrayed in its churches. In the cathedrals, abbeys, and minsters of the old world, we may trace the progress of Christianity almost from those early days, when the whole church was met together in an upper chamber, to the present time, when the external and internal decorations of the building come to be types of the sect for whose purposes of worship they are erected.

In bringing before the young reader a picture of some of the world-renowned temples of God, it will be the object of the writer, not only to describe the architectural beauties of

the edifice and the present system of worship, but also to introduce as much of the history of the church as can be told without prolixity, weariness, or wandering too far from the original design.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in May, when we first wakened to the consciousness that we were in London. During the previous fortnight we had crossed the Atlantic, and amid all the dangers, seen and unseen, which had surrounded our path over the trackless deep, God had been with us. He had measured the waters in the hollow of his hands, made "the storm a calm, and the waves thereof to be very still." In the long, silent nights when there was nothing but the blue sky above us and the bluer ocean beneath, he had given to us a gentle, childlike confidence in Him. He seemed almost to be walking upon the waters, as did Jesus upon the holy sea far away in distant Galilee, and now, safely on land once more, how could we but exclaim in the words of the Psalmist,— "Then are they glad because they are quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!"

His goodness ! It dawned upon us with the light of that first Sabbath morning, and perhaps more than ever before we felt that we must hasten, as did the grateful of olden times, to lay our gifts upon his altar.

But in the quiet of a New England home, where the silence and sanctity of the Sabbath was a part of the air we breathed, we had expected to be both shocked and saddened by the disrespect which we should here witness of this day. It was, therefore, almost with reluctance that we raised our curtain and looked out upon the scene. The sky was cloudless, the sun lit up the old gray palace of the Duke of Northumberland, which was directly across the way from our hotel, with something like a grim smile, or rather as if it had put on another and more cheerful dress, in which to welcome the Sabbath. The shops were all closed ; the roll and din of carriages, which, to an ear accustomed of late to the silence and solitude of the sea, was almost painful, had now ceased. Here and there a market cart drove slowly along, or an empty omnibus, with horses walking and a listless driver, seemed waiting for occupation. Very

few foot-passengers were upon the walks, and those who were there wore a sedate, Sunday look, unlike the every-day air of bustle and business.

How very pleasant! It was like home, and, although but a fortnight away, already the best things were those most American.

We would go to church at Westminster Abbey,—what more fitting place! From childhood every hallowed association had clustered around it. Here slept those whose very dust had become immortal. Poets and orators, warriors, statesmen, painters, sculptors,—England's best and bravest,—all in this one shrine. Here was the whole history of the past, *our* past as well as theirs, and surely it was to learn this better, to feel it as a living thing within our hearts, that we were here. In itself it was a sacred place; we were glad that in our first visit hither we might carry the offerings of grateful hearts, might go on the Sabbath, with the religious element, to mingle with and color our first impressions.

The chime of Sabbath bells pealed over that great city as clearly and as sweetly as they do with us, and at their first stroke we

started on foot for the abbey. We had firmly resolved before leaving home that no temptation should ever induce us to go sight-seeing on the Sabbath; so now, as we made our way along the streets, which were beginning to be crowded with people dressed as church-goers, most of them carrying a prayerbook in their hands, we did our best not to be attracted, or at least *amused*, by what was taking place around us; but as we approached Whitehall, the newness and splendor of our first glimpse at royalty quite made us forget our resolution. Just as we came near, the royal guards were changing places, and neither horses or riders were to be passed without a glance. Drums were beating loudly, officers pronouncing the short, quick word of command, and the rapidity and elegance of the evolutions performed by the troops were very impressive.

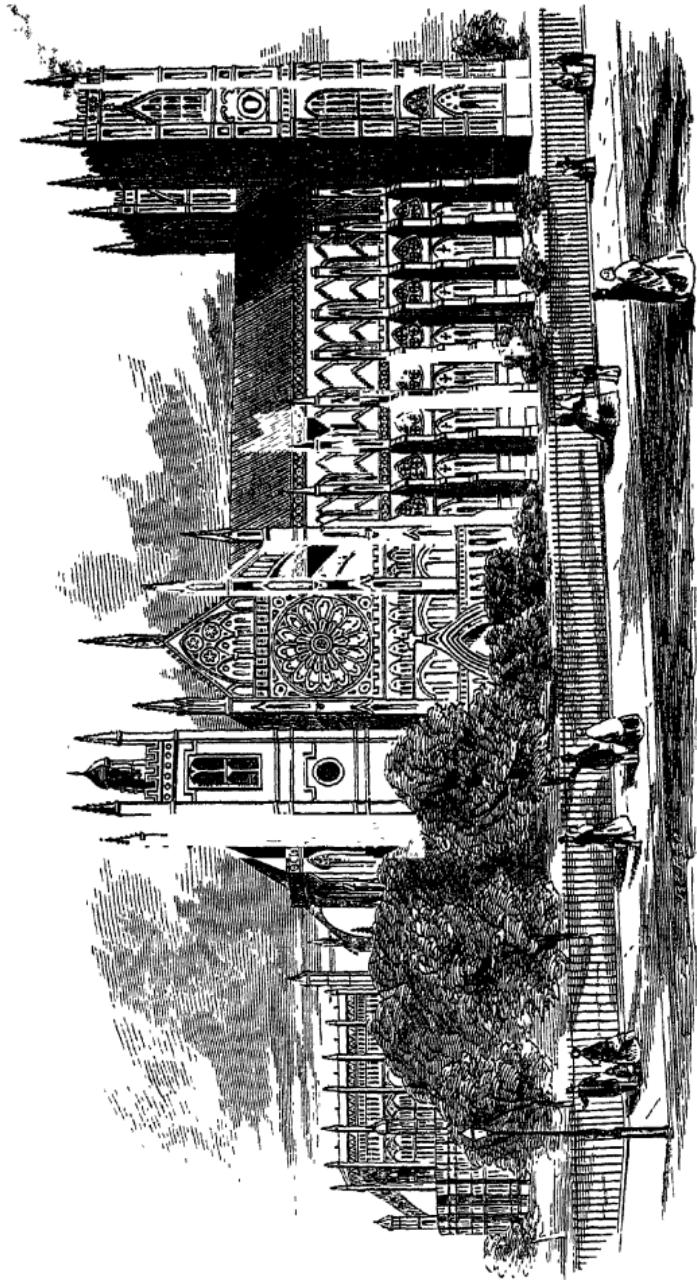
“What singular dresses! Do look at those plumes and those boots; and now, see! horse and man seem changed into stone, and to stand like statues!” such were a part of the exclamations which burst from us as we passed on our way.

mediately delivered, a number labelled upon them, the duplicate of which was given to us, and we were allowed to proceed.

May we be forgiven for casting one hasty glance at the statues, by which we were surrounded? We were now in that part of the building called the "Poet's Corner," and our eye rested upon one familiar name after another in rapid succession — Garrick, Thomson, Shakspeare, Prior, Milton. In truth, this *was* Westminster Abbey,

In the "Poet's Corner" you are hidden from that part of the church in which service is holden, and you have these monuments of the mighty dead behind you as you enter the transept, where the congregation is assembled.

"The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," were the first words we heard, as we mingled with them. It was a fitting introduction to the place; and immediately we began to realize, not so much that we were in the presence of the dead, as that He before whom angels and archangels veil their faces was there also. God was in our midst, and reverently we



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

knelt down before Him, while a sense of his presence overshadowed the vast temple, and fell upon our spirits with awe almost like fear.

The congregation which assembles here, I think, must consist mainly of visitors to the city; for I noticed, although nearly all held their prayerbooks devoutly in their hands, many eyes wandered away to the overhanging arches, and down the long, dim corridors. The place set apart for worship is small,—a pulpit, Gothic and simple, stands in the centre, and around it are placed numbers of unpainted wooden benches. These can easily be removed, if a clear space is required; but they had a strange and incongruous appearance to my unaccustomed eye.

The minister in the pulpit was Lord John Talbot. He was a middle-aged man, very robust and hearty in his personal appearance, forming a strong contrast to the thin, pale, scholarly looking American clergyman. He read the service in a clear, distinct tone, with a strong English accent, and the responses were offered by a choir of boys from the ages of eight to twelve, I should think, who, all

dressed in long white robes, occupied a part of the choir of the church opposite the pulpit. My attention was drawn at once from the preacher to these children, and I became interested in studying their fine faces, and listening to their clear, silver voices. I had always heard so much of the beauty and freshness of the English children, that this first group I saw interested me exceedingly. They were manly, sturdy boys; not even the white robe was able to conceal the buoyancy and elasticity of active childhood. They were nearly all fair-haired, blue-eyed, and light complexioned, and during the service, which was unusually long, I could not detect on a single face an expression of levity or indifference. Their voices were perfectly trained, and softer, sweeter music I never had heard. I could not but wonder if their hearts were in unison with their place and occupation. There, in Westminster Abbey, surrounded by all of England's greatest and best, with the proud consciousness that, should they be deserving, they too might "rest from their labors" there, and all this worldly ambition associated with the wor-

ship of Him who requireth a place in their hearts before country or honor ; it seemed to me that if into these children's minds there came but a small part of the influences by which they were surrounded, the world had much to hope in their approaching manhood. The sermon was a long charity sermon, asking alms for a society for the protection of the poor. During its delivery I noticed many of the congregation left, and new-comers constantly took their places. This was done quietly, and neither attracted observation or created any disturbance.

I listened with much interest for the first notes of the organ. They came at last, and were, like the chanting, low, soft, and solemn ; not one strain of ambitious music ; the performer seemed to enter into the spirit of the place, and the gentle notes went up into the vaulted arches and lingered in the distant aisles till they melted away, and were followed by the voices of the boys.

In any other place, the exercises would have seemed long. We knew that the accustomed hour for closing service at home had long since passed ; but we were not

weary, and it was with regret that we heard the benediction pronounced, and saw the congregation depart. When we found ourselves left nearly alone, it was with much difficulty that we could refrain from wandering around among the statues and monuments, and reading the familiar names inscribed upon them. How long we should have adhered to our good resolution of no sight-seeing on the Sabbath I cannot say, if we had not been aided by an official.

Soon after our entrance to the church we had noticed a very old man, dressed in the peculiar dress of the servitors of the abbey. This was a long, rusty, black surplice, gathered at the neck into a curious band, and hanging down over his thin, emaciated figure, as if to hide the waste time had made. His face was very pale, his eyes dim and glassy; it almost seemed, as I looked at him, as if, being so long the companion of the cold, marble statues, his expression had assimilated itself to theirs. It was equally cold, dead, stony; the only difference being, that the artist had endeavored in the statues to leave traces of life, and Time, the sculptor,

who had chiselled his face, had left there only death. I could hardly look at him without a shudder, for all the life of life seemed to have been chilled out of him in that funeral place. The abbey began to seem like a vast, splendid tomb to me. He followed us for a few moments, as we wandered around, with feeble and uncertain steps, and with a dissatisfied look. At last he pointed with his thin finger to the old wooden face of a clock which was hanging over the spot, upon which were inscribed the names of Johnson and Garrick, told the hour of twelve had arrived. There was something in the sight of this clock which at once held us spellbound; we felt as if it would be impossible to move until the hour had struck. Precisely as the hand pointed to it, the man seized a long, rough rope, which hung down into the church without any attempt to conceal it, and began to strike the bell. It was a solemn sound, for it seemed to bring time and eternity so near together. There stood the old man, to-day measuring out days and hours and minutes, and to-morrow to go and join the innumerable throng, who, though

they had gone before, seemed in very truth present with us there. Spirits of the dead were hovering all about us, and the life of the soul, the Sabbath and prayer, these still were common to us all. The air of the abbey grew more and more oppressive; we were glad to go with the clear bell out into the fresh Sabbath air, and to exchange even these hallowed precincts for the sunshine and the clear blue sky.

Early on Monday morning we were again at the abbey, but in the mean time we had made ourselves acquainted with the following facts relative to its foundation.

It seems hardly credible now, so entirely has every trace of water been obliterated, that Westminster Abbey was at first built upon an island called "Thorney Island," being separated from the main land, and entirely surrounded by the Thames.

When the island of Great Britain was first conquered by the Romans, it has been supposed, though without much reason, that they selected this spot as the site of one of their heathen temples; but, however that may be, it certainly was used for the purpose

of a church very soon after Christianity was introduced into Great Britain. Augustine sent his missionary, Mellitus, into this part of England, hoping, as the Christian religion had exerted so great an influence over the barbarians in southern Europe, it might be of use in subduing, by the sword of the spirit, a nation whom it was almost impossible to keep in subjection by temporal power. These sturdy sons of the north, though conquered again and again, were always free, and, despising the worship of the visible pagan gods as at once unmanly and unworthy, were continually returning to the myths and more spiritual, because less visible, religion of the Druids. The God of the Christians was likewise an invisible, spiritual essence, and they might worship him if they pleased under the shade of their old oaks, or offer sacrifice, but no longer of human victims, upon their rude altars.

Mellitus must have been a good missionary, for he seems to have been a successful one, and soon after his arrival we hear of the building of a church in honor of the true God. The Saxon king who was thus

easily converted was called Sebert, and lived 616 years after Christ. He seems to have chosen Mellitus, not only as his confessor, but also to have given his consent to his being installed Bishop of London, and as such ordered him, after the church was built, to consecrate it. There are very many legends related in the annals of the Roman Catholic church, all intended to give additional sanctity to the building; among these I shall notice but one.

On the night preceding the day appointed by his Majesty for this consecration, St. Peter came down from heaven, accompanied with angels, and surrounded by a glorious appearance of burning lights, and himself performed the ceremony. It being done during the darkness of the night, of course very few of the ignorant, sleepy islanders could be supposed to have witnessed the gorgeous sight; all that was required of them was to believe. With this blessing, the peculiar care of the saint seems to have ceased, for we have, during the reign of the last Saxon king, the account of the establishment given, as consisting only of "a few Benedict monkes,

under an abbote, serving Christ; very poor they were, and little was given them for their relief."

Fortunately for the abbey at this time, the king, who was also a royal confessor, made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Rome; but, finding no time in which it was convenient to keep his vow, he sent a "solemn embassy" to the Pope, Leo IX., begging a dispensation. This was granted, but with these wise conditions affixed, that part of the money which had been allotted for the journey should be given to the poor of the city, and the remainder should build, or rebuild and endow a monastery in honor of St. Peter.

Like the good men of old, the king seems very willingly to have dedicated immediately a tenth of his worldly all to this object, "as well in gold, silver, and cattle, as in all his other possessions," and to set about replacing Sebert's little church by one "begunne in such a sort as should become the Prince of the Apostles." This building was probably as extensive as the one which now stands on the spot, but not as high. There is one single arch of this fabric still remaining,

which shows a scale of magnificence in building, of which even modern architects might be proud ; and, certainly, considering the solidity and strength of the building, they proceeded with much more energy than in modern times ; for the devout king commenced the building in 1050, and finished it in 1065, only a week before his death. He lived to see it dedicated on Innocent's day.

A hundred and fifty years later, a young English king, Henry III., seems to have chosen this goodly monarch as a pattern worthy of all imitation ; and we read of him, when only thirteen years old, turning his attention to the alteration and rebuilding of this same church. Nothing can speak more plainly than this fact of the spread of Catholic doctrines during this period. Its influence must have been very great to have induced a boy, surrounded, as this child must have been, by all the temptations and luxuries of a regal life, to choose for the model upon which to form his character a monarch, who, though he had laid in his grave a century and a half, lived in the memory of his people as a saint only. A religious life must have

had something most inviting in it to the young, or the king have been one of those rare children whose minds and feelings far outstrip in development the number of their years. Upon the continent of Europe, the domination of religion was now all-powerful. Popes and priests filled the stations once occupied by kings and emperors. The monkish cowl covered and sanctified every movement, whether of a temporal or spiritual nature, and the sway of the church seems to have been felt as strongly in the British islands as anywhere else. Probably Henry, from childhood, had been under the control and guidance of some zealous priest, who taught him it was more glorious to be a saint than a king; more important to serve an heavenly than an earthly crown.

The building of splendid churches and founding of monasteries, more than the clean heart and contrite spirit, were held to show the growth and development of inner religion, and Henry began his saintship where his canonized ancestor has ended.

The style of building had changed and

improved since the time of the Saxon king. In order to separate as much as possible in association the Christian from the pagan temples, the new architect avoided every mode of building which had been formerly used; and as the Gothic style, suggested it is said to some artist who dreamed beneath the arched and twisted branches of forest trees, was just coming into use, Henry caused a splendid chapel to be erected according to this new mode of architecture. As the original abbey was so large, and in the form of a cross, a holy and favorite plan, used as symbolical of the thus crucified founder, it may be supposed that chapels of no mean dimensions could be erected without injury to the general appearance of the church. And from Henry's time to the present day the building and enriching of small chapels has been a chosen way for kings and queens to express their devotion and piety.

The young king, with great pomp and ceremony, dedicated his new chapel to the blessed Virgin. It is not for us to say how much of true religion there was in this act, nor how great an influence it exerted over the future

life of the monarch ; but all histories agree in considering him a prince better fitted for the cloister than the throne,—better adapted to say his “ Ave Marias ” in the dim religious light of his beautiful chapel before the sculptured Virgin, than to mingle with and control men. Unfortunately for Henry, by aiming to be a saint he ceased to be a king, and by neglecting the plain duties which God has assigned him for dreamy and vain ceremonies, he has left in the annals of his country no treasured memory as either.

The abbey now remained, as the church did in England, without any growth, until the time of Henry the Seventh. The temporal and spiritual powers were fully vested in its hands. A king, to be king, must be crowned by the pope, more needfully than by the people ; and it is not, therefore, to be supposed that an edifice so inwrought with the introduction and progress of Christianity in England as Westminster Abbey was allowed to suffer any injury from neglect, during this period. We read of slight additions in the mean time, but nothing of much importance. In 1245, the old Saxon choir and central

tower were taken down; and in 1269, a new choir and transept were opened, with great pomp. But, whatever alterations of this kind were made, care was taken to preserve the perfect symmetry of the whole. The clustering columns; the double arches; the windows, each separate, yet so arranged as to present uniformity; the long and unbroken views through the naves and transepts,— all these remained as first designed, and most of the additional labor which was bestowed was in finishing and perfecting the small and delicate ornaments with which every part of the building was completed. Giving a scientific account of the abbey, a writer says: “Whether you take much or little, the portion thus separately viewed is beautiful, and void of incongruity; and this, while it places beyond a doubt the unity and integrity of the original design, bears testimony to the wondrous amount of study bestowed on the adjustment of such various conflicting dimensions, every relation of which seems provided for and thought over.”

In the time of Richard the Second, two large circular windows were added, one of

which preserves now the only antique glass painting in the abbey.

Henry the Seventh was the first monarch who, for more than two hundred years after Henry the Third, attempted to make any important additions. He was a very different monarch from his predecessor, and it is rather singular that his religion should have taken the same turn. Strong-minded, crafty, an efficient ruler, and a stern, unrelenting man, he made no pretension to sanctity, but aimed only to be “every inch a king.” He had one great fault, which was so much at variance with these other traits as to have been the cause of misery and misfortune to him. He was a confirmed miser. To hoard gold seemed to be the first object of life, and in amassing it he was guilty of many acts of most wicked oppression.

It has been said that this desire of amassing proves, more strongly than any other natural trait, the immortality of the soul; and it really seems to have thus developed itself in this king. Niggardly to a proverb in the supply of temporal needs, he does not seem to have forgotten the wants of his soul. The

hoarded wealth he lavished most profusely in erecting a chapel, which was to be used as his own burial-place and that of his royal successors. In order to do this he pulled down the Lady's Chapel erected by the young Henry, and, not living to finish the new one, left strict orders as to its completion. This remains now as he ordered it, and we shall by and by endeavor to convey some idea of its beauty and magnificence.

From the death of Henry the Seventh until the reign of William and Mary, no pains was taken to repair or preserve the old church. During the reign of his immediate successor, Henry the Eighth, the well-known reformation in the church took place, and every thing connected with Romanism, — churches, monasteries, cathedrals, and abbey, — shared the same fate. With the growing strength and intelligence of the people of England, the power and tyranny of the Pope became every day harder to be borne. English nobles found every office of emolument and influence around the person of their king filled by some foreign emissary of the church; English subjects saw all their wealth, almost the com-

mon necessaries of life, drawn together into the flourishing monasteries, which spread themselves like deadly upas trees all over the land. The whole nation groaned under a bondage only the more difficult to be borne because it professed to have their eternal interests for the object of its oppressions.

It cannot be supposed that the voice of freedom and religious inquiry, which was already to be heard even within the sanctuary of the Pope's palace, could fail of reaching the ears of the attentive islanders ; and when Henry the Eighth, disregarding his early education, the counsel of his father, and the clamor of the clergy, listened only to the promptings of his own passions, and demanded the right of acting for himself, the whole nation were ready to join with him in one glad shout of freedom. England, with her sturdy good-sense, became at once and thoroughly Protestant, and with a reaction more natural, perhaps, than laudable, determined to remove every trace of the “abomination” from their fair land.

The confiscation of the wealth hoarded by the bishops and monasteries to the crown

hastened with rapid strides the destruction of the papacy; and to despoil a church or rob a convent began to be esteemed as great a virtue as formerly to found one. The words, desecration and revenge, became the English watchwords, and even Westminster Abbey did not escape. It is told of Henry the Eighth, that he purloined from it treasures of silver and gold, and, what was of far more importance to us, caused to be removed some statues, with which piety in former days had sought to adorn it.

During the civil commotions of the time of Charles the First, the infatuated soldiery were busy here as elsewhere. To "cut off the Dagon of iniquity, root and branch," it mattered not where, or under what circumstances it was found, its end was equally sure. Antiquity was only another name for idolatry; within those clustering columns, or beneath those over hanging arches, there might perchance be hidden some image of the Virgin, some impious relic. "Down with them all!" We are unable to trace the depredation which Cromwell's soldiers made.

That it was extensive and ruinous, the

time and money necessary afterwards to bring the abbey into repair sufficiently shows; and nothing of this kind was attempted until, in the more sober sense reign of William and Mary the people began to look around them and ask for memorials of their ever previously having been a nation. It would hardly have been consistent for their foreign majesties to have personally undertaken the restoration of so important a national monument. The attention of parliament was directed toward it; a large sum voted for its repairs, and Sir Christopher Wren, then the most famous English architect, was appointed to make a thorough survey of the church, and provide the best means for its immediate restoration to its pristine beauty.

This seems to have been a task about which Christopher Wren set himself *con amore*, for he immediately began to make it an object of thorough and careful investigation.

Many a favorite theory and beautiful legend, with regard to its first erection, vanished in the clear light of art which he

brought to bear upon it; but the judgment which he pronounced in reference to the purity and perfection of its style of architecture, raised it in the affection and interest of the community.

With care and skill he began the work of restoration, and, as far as possible, he adhered to the original design. He used the same kind of decorations, causing competent workmen to copy what was left in carving, rather than to invent new patterns. He built two new towers, which were so much in unison with the old building, that beside adding strength they also added to its beauty.

There is one singular thing,—not a single departure from the old Gothic was he tempted to make in the interior; but, after a few years, some accident happened to it, and more modern architects restored it as it was at first.

Very much as Christopher Wren left this abbey it remains now; and, although I have no hope of giving any clear idea, even were I to attempt it, I must endeavor to place a general idea of it before the reader.

As I have before said, the building is in the form of a cross, and it is only by entering the west door, between the towers, that the whole body of the church can be seen at once. From this entrance, no one who has not seen it can imagine the solemn and deep impression which is made by this first view. High above you is the vaulted roof, supported by row upon row of columns, some standing singly out in their rounded and perfect proportions, and some clustering together at precisely the point where unity is needed to give strength, and where the eye might perchance weary of the repetition of single shafts. From all these hundreds of columns there spring up arch within arch, some long and vaulted, some hanging as in very contrast with their more aspiring neighbor. Now the whole aisle is spanned with one vast band, and now this arch cut up and diversified by myriads of perfect little arches; not an angle in any part of the building meets your eye, and you feel, what you have often before been told, that a curve is the line of beauty. To add to the softness and finish of the interior, special care has been taken that the windows

should be of the proper form and in the right place. His happy disposition of the light shows to much advantage the noble range of pillars by which the whole building is supported, and from the spot from which we are now looking falls with a peculiar brilliancy upon the semicircle, which, inclosing the chapel of the good Saxon king, Edward the Confessor, seems to shut it out, and set it apart in a peculiar manner from the rest. On the arches of the pillars are galleries of double columns, fifteen feet wide, covering the side aisle; these are lighted by the middle range of windows over them. There is another and very fine range of larger windows, making with these on the lower floor, three tiers of windows in the sides of the abbey. Beside these, there are four large or capital windows; and all taken together, while they preserve the "dim religious light," considered so necessary for the softening influence upon devotional feelings in the old world, they entirely do away with the gloom which would otherwise be inseparable from the multitude of low arches, and the dull gray color of the stone walls.

The principal windows are all of stained glass, and almost all have painted upon them some Scripture story. The three oldest windows in the house are an exception to this, for one of them contains the figure of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary; another, Edward the Confessor and Henry III.; and the last, St. Augustine with Mellitus, the Bishop of London.

The north window is one of the most beautiful in the abbey. It was put up in 1722, and represents our Saviour, the twelve apostles, and four evangelists; the latter, with the emblems, lie down two on each side. The new stained glass window at the south end of the transept of the abbey was executed by a modern artist, in 1847, and I cannot refrain from giving a description of its contents; it is a whole volume of Bible history by itself. In the centre of the rose window, the name Jehovah is painted, surrounded by many beautiful figures of angels. In the large circle of lights which surround this are thirty-two separate subjects, taken from the principal miracles, events, and incidents in the life

and death of our Saviour. Something in the size of this window may be gathered from the fact, that the size of all these figures is nearly three feet. I subjoin a list of the chosen subjects.

1. The nativity of Christ. Luke 2: 7, 8.
2. Simeon's prophecy. Luke 2: 25.
3. Jesus reasoning with the doctors. Luke 2: 46.
4. The baptism of St. John the Baptist. Matthew 3: 13.
5. The preaching on the mount. Matthew 5: 1.
6. Water made wine. John 2: 4.
7. The money-changers expelled from the temple. Matthew 21: 12.
8. The woman of Samaria. John 4: 7.
9. Walking on the sea. Matthew 14: 29.
10. Raising of Jairus's daughter. Mark 5: 43.
11. The pool of Bethesda. John 5: 4.
12. The Centurion's faith. Matthew 18: 8.
13. John's disciple sent to Christ. Matthew 11: 2.
14. The Magdalen anointing the feet of Christ. John 11: 3.

15. The Syrophenician woman. Matthew 15: 25.
16. The feeding of the multitude. Matthew 14: 15.
17. The lunatic boy cured. Matthew 17: 15, etc.
18. Peter, the fish, and temple tribute. Matthew 17: 27.
19. The blind man healed. Mark 8: 25.
20. Lazarus raised. John 11: 43.
21. The entry into Jerusalem. Matthew 21: 1.
22. The tribute to Cæsar. Matthew 22: 15-21.
23. Little children brought to Christ. Mark 10: 13.
24. The young rich man's question. Mark 10: 17.
25. The widow's son restored. Luke 6: 2.
26. The agony in the garden. Matthew 26: 39.
27. Jesus Christ captive before Pilate. Matthew 26: 1, 2, etc.
28. Jesus Christ shown to the people. John 19: 5.
29. The Crucifixion. John 19: 25.

- ✓ 30. The Resurrection. Matthew 28: 1, etc.
- ✓ 31. Appearance to Mary Magdalene. John 20: 11.
- ✓ 32. The Ascension. Acts 19: 8.

It must not be supposed that the history, as narrated on the window, presents itself at once and easily to the eye; so far from it, as the window is high on the side of the building, it requires much time and attention to become acquainted with its contents, and very few, surrounded as they are then with so many objects of greater interest, stop to devote to it more than a few passing glances of admiration. I have been more full in my statement, in order to give the reader, once for all, an idea of the complexity, size, and character of the painted church windows.

The great difference between the modern and ancient stained glass is, that in the modern much more care has been bestowed upon the brightness of color than upon either expression or attitude. They look as if the paint was all on the outside, and could be easily removed, while the ancient painting, with more grace and depth, seems as if the color and the glass were one and the same

thing. As the windows of the abbey were the first of this kind I had ever seen, so it was but natural that they should have produced a deep and lasting impression; one which even the far-famed windows of Italy were not destined to obliterate.

No part of a church in the old world has so much care and attention bestowed upon it as the *choir*. This is a part of the building which is specially set apart for divine service. It generally occupies only a small space, and is used particularly for morning and evening devotions. In Westminster, the choir is not the only part so occupied, as it opens into the centre of the church, where worship is generally held. Here are deans, sub-deans, and canon's stalls,—all names conveying very little idea of the illustrious occupants to American ears; but American eyes can admire the delicate and beautiful carving with which they are adorned. All this carving is hand work, and is carried to such a perfection in England as to require artists, and not common workmen, to execute it. The fronts of the stalls and pews are worked in tracery with deep moulding, and all the different compart-

ments are filled with every imaginable design of fancy wood-work. They are made to represent the foliage of ivy, maple, oak, willow, hop, vine, and a variety of other graceful leaves, and all these done with a fidelity and exactitude, that, but for the uniform color, one might almost believe them wreaths of the veritable plants.

The organ, a very important thing, particularly with the Church of England service, has three cases, and is quite a complicated instrument; but the mechanical adjustment is so nice that the touch can be made very light and easy. It is, I think, considered one of the finest instruments in the kingdom.

Even the pavement in this celebrated church is not forgotten. We read of a very handsome marble one being given to the choir, with the request that the donor might find his final resting-place beneath it.

The solemn office of crowning and enthroning the sovereigns of England takes place in the centre of this sacrarium. The throne, before which the peers come to take their vows of fealty, is erected beneath the lantern; and when the crown is put upon the

monarch's head, the peers at the same moment put on their coronets, and a signal, given from the top of the abbey, proclaims to England its new sovereign. Thus they blend together church and state, and by the performance of the ceremony in the ancient abbey, instead of the hall of legislation, symbolize the accession of a new head to spiritual as well as temporal affairs.

But, notwithstanding the architectural beauty of the church and its historic associations, its greatest interest for us must consist in its being the mausoleum of those dead whose genius belongs to Americans as well as to Englishmen. It will be the object of the remainder of the chapter to notice and give a brief description of some of the most noted tombs.

It has been already said, that a favorite way of royalty, in Catholic times, for expressing their religious enthusiasm, was to erect within the precincts of this abbey a splendid chapel, which should be used for their future tomb. We find here reposing until that "last day" many royal persons, whose names have become almost household words; but

not only these, here lie, too, the great in whatever walk in life,—poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, artisans, all have a place here. The cry of the victorious warrior, “Victory, or a place in Westminster Abbey,” spoke the heart and the voice of the whole English nation. To rest *there* were glory enough for a lifetime of sacrifice and exertion.

We have already casually mentioned the names of some of the principal poets, whose remains are either interred here, or in honor of whose memories a monument has been erected, while their ashes are allowed to repose in some distant part of the land, perhaps within the sanctity of their own home circle. Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, Gay, Goldsmith, Ben Jonson, Garrick, Prior, Gray. Such are a few, whose names hardly needed a place here never to be forgotten.

The morning on which we visited the tombs, we left our hotel directly after breakfast, as during the hours of daily morning and evening service no visitors are allowed to continue their sight-seeing. We were the first there, and had immediately a number of

servitors at our disposal, whose business it is, for a small fee, to show the building. We chose a young, very grave-looking man, and were conducted at once by him to the chapels. There are nine of these, all but one bearing the name of some saint. For example, the first is St. Benedict; second, St. Edmund, St. Paul, St. John. Only one uncanonized room, that is the celebrated chapel of Henry the Seventh. These chapels are small rooms, exhibiting, as may be supposed, every form and style of architecture. All the earlier ones have altars, at which mass was to be said for the souls of the dead therein interred. If there were no other record of the religion of Great Britain through those early years, it could be traced here.

It would occupy too much time and space to dwell particularly upon the many different and interesting monuments. I shall simply mention those best known, and for that reason, passing all others, shall go directly to the royal chapel. The magnificence of the decorations lavished upon the walls of this chapel, it would be very difficult to describe. An engraving even gives but a poor idea, for

the delicacy and richness of the carving, the piling of ornament upon ornament, the lavish waste of sculpture and emblazonry, can only be appreciated by actually seeing.

The building is said to have contained three thousand full length statues and statuettes beside the cherubs and animal figures, with which there is no jutty, frieze, buttress, nor coin of vantage "but seems alive." The ceilings of the side aisles are very peculiar, being in the shape of fans, the hanging arches apparently supporting the roof, and all together giving an appearance of the most graceful lightness, with solidity and permanence. The tomb of Henry the Seventh will be described as a fitting sample of the style of monuments throughout the old world. To us, in the new, accustomed only to the simple, pure taste of our beautiful cemeteries, it seems very wonderful that man could ever have chosen such a resting-place ; yet this, we must remember, was built during the founder's lifetime, by a celebrated Italian artist, Benvenuto Cellini.

I give the description as I find it in an old abbey guide-book. "What is chiefly to be

admired here, as well for antiquity as for fine workmanship, is the magnificent tomb of Henry the Seventh, and Elizabeth his queen, the last of the house of York who wore the English crown. The tomb stands in the body of the chapel, inclosed in a curious chantry of cast brass, most admirably designed and executed, and ornamented by statues, of which only those of St. George, St. James, St. Bartholomew, and St. Edward are now remaining. Within it are the effigies of the royal pair, in their robes of state, lying close to each other on a tomb of black marble, the head whereof is supported by a red dragon, the ensign of Cadwaller, the last king of the Britons, from whom Henry the Seventh was fond of tracing his descent, and the foot by an angel. There are likewise other devices alluding to his family and alliance, such as portcullises signifying his relations to the Beauforts by his mother's side, roses twisted and crowned in memory of the union of the two royal houses of York and Lancaster. There are six compartments, three on the north, and as many on the south side of the base. The first compartment on the south

side contains the figures of the Virgin Mary with our Lord in her arms, and that of the archangel St. Michael. The figures in the scales, though now mutilated, were meant for personal representations of moral good and evil. The saint is weighing them in his balance, the good preponderates; but the devil, who is represented by the figure under his feet, is reaching with one of his clawed feet at the scale which contains the figure of Evil, in order, by the addition of his own force, to make that the heaviest. The first figure in the second compartment is doubtless intended for St. John the Baptist, as he has a book in his left hand with the *Agnus Dei* impressed upon it. The other is the figure of St. John the Evangelist, and the figure of the eagle. The first figure of the third compartment is intended for St. George; the other figure, from the pig's head, visible near him, the frequent symbol by which he is denoted, is intended for St. Anthony of Vienna. The first figure in the fourth compartment, north side, is intended for Mary Magdalene, supposing her to hold the box of ointment. The other figure represents St. Barbara, who was the daughter

of a pagan, and dwelt with her father in a certain tower, where she was put to death for becoming a convert to Christianity. The first figure in the fifth compartment is intended for St. Christopher bearing our Saviour upon his shoulder. The other figure is thought to be St. Anne. In the sixth and last compartment, the first figure is intended for Edward the Confessor, the other is a Benedictine monk." Such is a tomb of the olden time, costly and splendid, but now only a record of the religion which emblazoned itself in carved images, and of the ambition which would perpetuate its name after the memory of a useless life would have passed away. One sad and touching memento of the short-sightedness of mortals is shown by the purpose for which the brass chantry directly around the tomb was erected. Here, while Henry and his queen were sleeping the sleep of death, with their earthly accounts all closed, and the life of prayer and intercession for them ended, the king ordered mass to be said *forever*, for the benefit of their souls. *Forever!* The poor man, going into another world conscious of unforgiven sins, for which, though a monarch, he must answer

at a high tribunal, longing for rest and heaven, is anxious to purchase it, avaricious as he was, by the outlay of sums sufficient to buy constant prayer for the weal of his soul; and yet, already, even while the chantry was in the process of erection, that pure and simple faith was starting into life which takes for one of its fundamental principles the belief, so plainly inculcated in the Bible, that “the dead know not any thing, neither have any more a reward.” Also their love and their hatred and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten. Therefore, “whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.”

Henry the Seventh’s son forbade these masses, and, it is said, with impious hand dared even despoil the altar. So long was the monarch’s “*forever!*”

The two other tombs of most interest in this chapel are those of Elizabeth, England’s maiden queen, and Mary, Queen of Scots. It is a striking lesson on the vanity of earthly

things, that these two individuals, through life separated by the worst feeling of human nature, suspicion, jealousy, and hatred, and one at last, their murdered victim, should now lie so still and peacefully side by side.

They have passed on to that throne whose impartial justice, seeing as never man saw, will mete out to each their proper merits. He alone can tell how far gentle, womanly traits, frail and easily tempted though they are, can outweigh those sterner, more ambitious feelings, which seek first *self*, though it must be advanced through the tears and groans of others. It is no object of ours to draw any comparison between these two world-renowned women, or pass a judgment with regard to their merit; but, as we stood this morning in the dim light of the vaulted chapel and looked at their marble effigies, we could not but feel, that, while we would fervently utter the prayer,—“Keep us from temptation,”—we would also earnestly seek for that blessing which only promises to the “merciful that they shall obtain mercy.”

James the First, the son of Mary, and successor of Elizabeth, placed the bodies of the

two queens side by side, and erected over them both similar monuments. The son seems to have been forgotten in the king, or he could not have brought the murdered and the murderer thus together.

White marble effigies of the two rest upon curiously carved sarcophagii, but more filled with angels and armorial bearings than scripture subjects. The effigies are full length, recumbent, draped figures, with the hands folded together, as if in the act of prayer. There is something singular and almost startling in these effigies, when seen for the first time; so still and cold, they have just enough of life and of death to correspond with the feeling which recognizes the dead as yet living, and these clasped hands, a position universally adopted, reminds one irresistibly of the suppliant *now* begging for forgiveness of sins before the mercy-seat.

The faces of these statues are said to be exact likenesses of the dead; and so plainly did they depict the different character of the two, that it would almost seem as if they needed no other history. Over the small, perfect features of Mary, was thrown a sadness

and sweetness which death only fixed, not removed; whole years of penitence and grief were written on her thin, wasted face, and unutterable sorrow had stamped itself upon her compressed lips.

Elizabeth, with her high, broad forehead and deep set eye, her rigid and firm mouth, could not be accused of want of intellect to cover the want of heart. You turned away from her effigy with the feeling that she was both more and less than a woman; but you stepped by the tomb of Mary to drop a tear.

In the different chapels there are many exquisite pieces of monumental sculpture, in looking at which you think of the artist, but not of those for whom or by whom it was erected. I can remember but one, beside those I have mentioned, which made any deep impression upon me; that was a very fine full length statue of the actress, Mrs. Siddons. It was taken in one of her most speaking attitudes, and was accompanied by the common insignia of her profession.

We spent hours in the survey of these tombs, and were then permitted to look through iron gratings at the old coronation

chairs and stone, upon which the monarchs stand during that ceremony.

If being time-worn makes a thing venerable, this chair certainly has great claims; but to me, with my American republicanism, I could make nothing more out of it than a very common looking wooden chair, such as at home I had often seen occupied by the grandmother of the family in the kitchen of a New England farm-house. It seemed to me the little queen must have made a very grotesque figure, seated in its ample dimensions, and I can hardly believe but what even then, in that solemn hour, some sense of the ludicrous must have intruded itself. We were certainly much less impressed by it than by any thing else we saw within the abbey.

The monuments which fill the body of the church are many of them erected over those noble personages whose rank was their only title to such a resting-place. Dukes and duchesses, who, according to their epitaphs, were models of all that was great and good, but for whose loss ungrateful posterity seems to have forgotten to mourn, lords and ladies all together in one indiscriminating mass.

It would have required months, at least, to have been even indifferently acquainted with their respective claims upon earthly immortality. There was one fact, which appeared to us conspicuous above all others. The simplest monuments and briefest epitaphs were given to those who had erected a living one to themselves.

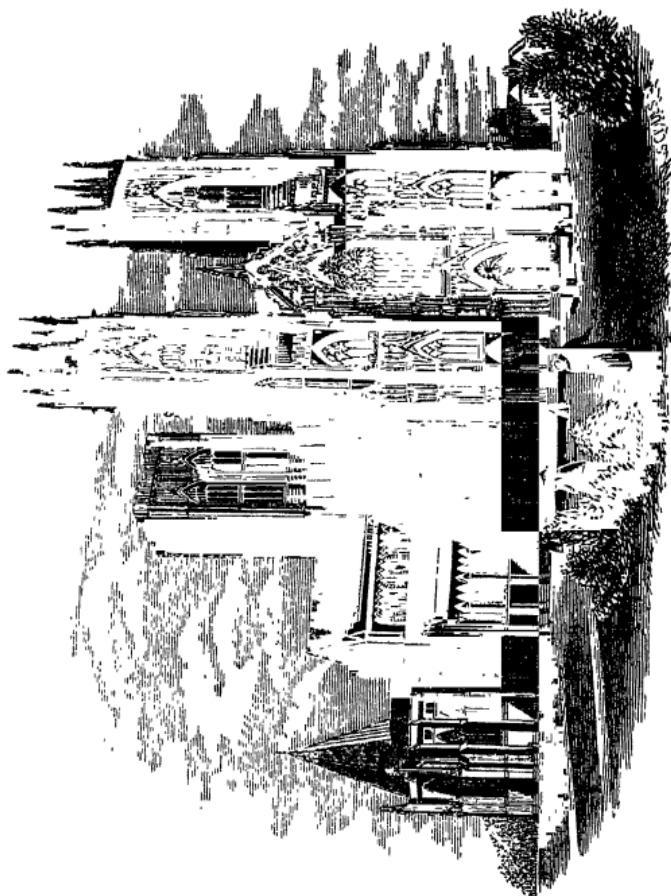
One of the last before which we stopped bore the name of "Isaac Watts." It was a small monument, over which was a bust of the divine, supported by singular looking, inappropriate genii. Underneath this is the figure of Watts sitting on a stool in the attitude of deep contemplation, an angel opening to him the wonders of creation, while in one hand he holds a pen, and with the other points to a celestial globe. I saw, but thought very little of all these things, for the monument faded away from before me, and I could only see my mother, and remember, that, kneeling by her, with my little hands folded and my eyes just shut, the first prayer she ever taught me was the simple child's petition which this very Watts, long years ago, had framed; and so, as I left Westminster Abbey, I repeated

no verses from the immortal poets who were there enshrined; but the pious strains of the good man blended themselves with thoughts of my distant home; and the old door of the cathedral swung slowly to behind me. I felt that I would rather thus live, blended with the sacred and the holy, than to sleep under the proudest monument in the venerable pile of Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER SECOND.

YORK MINSTER.

It was just at twilight, one of those long English twilights, when day and night blend so softly together that you see neither the departure of the one nor the coming of the other, that we arrived in the old city of York. Renowned it was, both in history and in fiction; but we came to see its minster, and almost forgot that there were such things as forts and walls. The sun had set, and that indescribable light which mellows, and yet



YORK MINSTER CATHEDRAL.

gives so startling a life likeness to every inanimate object, rested over the hoary pile as we first approached it. It stood by itself, every building being removed at a short distance from it, and therefore its bold and noble proportions could be more easily discerned. In the first approach to any such large building, the impressions are very superficial, not unfrequently incorrect. The eye, unaccustomed to take in so vast an extent of surface, toils over and wearies itself in its attempt to produce a whole, particularly if, as is the case with this minster, each separate part is made up of such a variety and intricacy of ornament. We turned suddenly upon the building from a narrow street, filled with shops and slow pedestrians, and the minster loomed up against the dark sky like some of the ice-bergs we had passed on our voyage across the Atlantic. There it was with tall towers, its graceful pinnacles, its turrets and its portals, all decked with statues, pillars, and wreaths of delicate flowers, bands of broad leaves, small arches resting on slender pillars, and again arches springing as it were from nothing, yet capable of giving support to

some niche or clustering column. We walked slowly around the building, and received from every side the same complicated, uncertain impression. It was all like the fairy creation of a dream, and it was not until after our return to the hotel, and the candles had given us the light which the day still refused, that we could deliberately study out its history.

York Minster was founded by Edwin the Saxon, king of Northumberland, in 626, not long after the founding of Westminster Abbey. As York had always been an important place in the early political history of England, it must be supposed that Rome did not neglect it in her zealous care of the spiritual interests of her new conquest. We read of a bishop being ordained as early as 625; and it was probably under his auspices that the new church was founded. In London, they only erected a small abbey, which struggled into life opposed by paganism and the indifference of its friends; but here, in York, the church must have been flourishing, if we judge from the size and style of the building which the Christians commenced. It is a fact, singular as true, that no large church has been

ever finished, from these early times until the present day. Some change, alteration, or improvement has been constantly going on within this building.

At the time of the Reformation, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when monasteries were so generally broken up, it is probable that York became a protestant bishopric. Wolsey's observant eye would soon single out the commanding local position and enormous wealth of such a benefice as worthy of royal attention; nor is it at all probable that the costly edifices escaped his care. From one single shrine, that of Becket, Henry received two chests of gold, each one of which was as heavy as could be carried by eight strong men, and, with a ruthless hand, not only churches and convents were actually torn down, but the whole mummery and imposition of the Roman rites were exposed to the exasperated people. The very simplest Catholics, when they saw gathered together from the different churches more pieces of the true cross than would have made a whole one, and more teeth of St. Appolonia, which were sold at a high price to cure the toothache,

than would have filled a large tun, could not be convinced of the wicked frauds practised upon them. Nothing of course opened their eyes so thoroughly as these incontestable proofs, and therefore they gave their aid and consent to the destruction or alteration of many places which long regard for, as sacred, might otherwise have rendered it unsafe for the king to molest. "There was a crucifix at Boxley, called the Rood of Grace, which was a favorite object of pilgrimage, because the image moved its head, its hands, and its feet, and made many other gestures, which were considered as miraculous. The mechanism by which this was done was now exposed to view, and the Bishop of Rochester, after preaching a sermon upon the occasion, broke the rood in pieces in their sight."

A phial also was shown at Hales, in Gloucestershire, as containing a portion of our Saviour's blood, which suffered itself to be seen by no person in a state of mortal sin; but became visible when the penitent, by his offerings, had obtained forgiveness. It was now discovered that this was performed by keeping blood which was renewed every

week in a phial, one side of which was thick and opaque and the other transparent, and turning it by a secret hand as the case required. The king's treasury soon groaned under the load of wealth which he thus gathered together, and although most of it was squandered for his own private vices, yet, out of respect for public opinion, he felt obliged to spend some in rebuilding the cathedrals. How much was spent upon York we cannot ascertain; but, in all probability, it shared largely in royal favors, and while with one hand the king destroyed, with the other he rebuilt, though generally in a parsimonious and niggardly manner. The gaming-table was a much greater object of interest to him than God's temples; and though God condescended to make use of him as the means of bringing about the Reformation in England, still we have every reason to believe he made it personally only a means "of laying up wrath against the day of wrath."

Early on the first morning after our arrival in York, we went to take a leisurely and careful survey of the minster. Very differently indeed we found it looking, as we

emerged once more from the now crowded street, and saw it in the full sunlight of this bright morning. But what it lost in beauty was more than compensated to us by the stern look of everlasting grandeur with which it presented itself. It was no longer like the glittering ice, but a huge mountain of chiselled granite. Bells were chiming softly as we approached, and a few old, feeble looking persons were to be seen gathering into the great door.

The hour of morning service it surely must be ; and we were delighted that we had so unwittingly chosen this hour for our visit.

As we began to ascend the steps leading to the portal nearest us, two old and very infirm looking women stepped also upon them. There was so much decrepitude in their movements, that, with an involuntary feeling of their inability to reach the door, I placed myself by the side of one, ready to assist her if there should be any need. They were both dressed in a more antiquated style than I had ever before seen actually worn, and their queer, quaint figures interested me more than even the building into which we

were so slowly entering together. They wore scant dresses, of what we should call “blue homespun,” tight sleeves, very short waists, and small shawls, with the corners crossed in front and pinned down on the back of their dresses. Little black bonnets, fitting so snugly to the face as entirely to conceal it, and large prayerbooks in withered and trembling hands, completed their personal appearance. The material of their dresses was not precisely alike, but the whole general air made them look like sisters of some of the old cloisters that had flourished there years ago.

“It is a fine morning,” said one in a cracked and broken voice, putting her mouth close to the other’s bonnet.

“Yes, the good God be praised!” ejaculated the pious woman ; and there was something so simple and natural in her manner that I bent forward to obtain, if possible, a nearer view of her face. It was thin and pale, with small, regular features, and the dim eye which tells that “the sun or the light or the morn is indeed darkened,” and settled, sad expression, showing that many and dark have

been "the clouds which have returned after the rain," and yet there was so much of holy calm, so much of rest and trust in Him who ruleth the clouds and the storms, that I was immediately reminded of a saying which I had heard many times, but never had found so true as now. It was, that a short time previous to death, the faces of the aged whose lives have been spent near to God resume the simplicity and purity of infancy, and that the last look Death stamps upon them is the first upon which the loving eye of the mother seeks to read the character of her child. It was a beautiful thought to me; for it seemed like the eternal youth of heaven beginning upon earth, and just at the time when the grasshopper had become a burden, life, and fresh new vigor were springing up. The mortal putting on immortality, even while clothed with earthly garments. But in order thus to meet old age, the life must be well spent, an *earnest, godly life.*

I held the door open for the old people to pass in, and in watching them forgot for the moment where I was. When they disappeared within the choir, I raised my eyes

to the lofty dome. A small scaffolding was erected, and two men, who seemed scarcely the size of children, were engaged in repairing a part of the roof. The work was perilous in the extreme; at that dizzy height a single mis-step, a moment of blindness or giddiness, and it were certain death. As I stood directly under them, looking up, one of the officials touched me and said, respectfully, with true English caution:—

“You had better not stand there; if any thing should fall from the workmen it might kill you.”

“Does such a thing ever happen?”

“Yes, it is impossible always to help it. They are obliged to hoist very heavy stones, and sometimes the ropes prove not strong enough for their weight.”

Just then there swung out from a rude landing, about twenty feet above me, a large block of marble; and I quickly took myself out of it, though I watched at a safe distance its progress up, until I saw it safe on the scaffolding above.

And now the notes of an organ warned us that service had commenced, and follow-

ing a guide,— for the size of these buildings always makes one necessary,— we entered the choir, and I found myself kneeling beside my venerable old friend. She had her prayer-book open before her, though I was sure, from her advanced age, she would not be able to see a word; but her eye devoutly followed the lines, and she responded in a distinct voice. She had evidently come up to the temple that morning for prayer and praise; and it seemed to me as if she was the holiest, the nearest heaven, of any thing there. The service was chanted by a clergyman in robes, in a formal, heartless manner; and the responses sung by the boys had in them much more of music than devotion. A few of the aged people whom we had seen entering were kneeling around us; perhaps, all told, the congregation might have consisted of a dozen; and yet this morning service is repeated every day in the year.

The choir is a large room, magnificently decorated with carved wood-work. The stalls and pews are covered with the same material, and each one would afford to the

artist many hours' profitable study. After the service was ended, we took as careful a survey as our time permitted, and our guide, an old and intelligent man, seemed to have pride in showing us all the most delicate and elaborate work, and much pleasure at our admiration, which we took no pains to conceal from him.

In one corner of the choir were some small but beautiful statues of angels; as there were only a few, we inquired why they were not continued around the room. He said, "the expense was too enormous for any but a Catholic church; no Protestant could pay for them."

This choir was modern, the ancient one having been burned in 1840, in the following singular manner. Our guide had the principal care of the church, particularly of seeing that every thing about it was safe. One night, as usual, (he told us,) he had gone in and taken his customary survey, locked the doors, and returned home. Early the next morning he went to open it for some workmen, and found the building full of smoke. It was some time before they

could discover from what part it came ; but at length they made their way to the choir, and found the wood-work had been entirely consumed, the flames having been arrested by the stone pillars which supported the roof, and smothered by them, so that it had gone out without entirely consuming the building. Of course such an accident must need to be explained, or the consequences of neglect in some form would fall very heavily upon him. The old man's account of his sufferings were very graphic, and, like a true story-teller, he held us some time in suspense before he divulged the real cause. "An insane man," he said, "had come in to evening service the night before, and had secreted himself in the building, until the darkness and stillness of night should enable him to carry his purpose into effect. The subtlety with which he had made his preparations showed so much reason, that it was with much difficulty the jury at his trial were willing to admit his insanity, and the only motive which he was ever known to assign for the act was, that God constantly appeared to him and told him to

go and burn the proud cathedral; that was the mission he was born to accomplish." He expressed many regrets that he had failed, and seemed to think the penalty of having violated earthly laws nothing in comparison with the guilt of having failed to obey a divine command.

I could not help feeling much sympathy with this poor man; it seemed to me there were many persons, whom the world called *sane* who might envy him his sensitiveness with regard to God's laws, and many who, under the guidance of reason, could not do better than imitate this example of earnestly fulfilling them.

Those accustomed to the plainness and simplicity of our American churches, and to the one simple object for which they are built,—the worship of God,—can hardly imagine how strange it seems to find these vast edifices the receptacles of the choicest national relics or monuments. As you wander around, you are constantly filled with wonder that so much can be assembled under one roof, so many different things brought into one building, and that building a

could discover from what part it came; but at length they made their way to the choir, and found the wood-work had been entirely consumed, the flames having been arrested by the stone pillars which supported the roof, and smothered by them, so that it had gone out without entirely consuming the building. Of course such an accident must need to be explained, or the consequences of neglect in some form would fall very heavily upon him. The old man's account of his sufferings were very graphic, and, like a true story-teller, he held us some time in suspense before he divulged the real cause. "An insane man," he said, "had come in to evening service the night before, and had secreted himself in the building, until the darkness and stillness of night should enable him to carry his purpose into effect. The subtlety with which he had made his preparations showed so much reason, that it was with much difficulty the jury at his trial were willing to admit his insanity, and the only motive which he was ever known to assign for the act was, that God constantly appeared to him and told him to

go and burn the proud cathedral; that was the mission he was born to accomplish." He expressed many regrets that he had failed, and seemed to think the penalty of having violated earthly laws nothing in comparison with the guilt of having failed to obey a divine command.

I could not help feeling much sympathy with this poor man; it seemed to me there were many persons, whom the world called *sane* who might envy him his sensitiveness with regard to God's laws, and many who, under the guidance of reason, could not do better than imitate this example of earnestly fulfilling them.

Those accustomed to the plainness and simplicity of our American churches, and to the one simple object for which they are built,—the worship of God,—can hardly imagine how strange it seems to find these vast edifices the receptacles of the choicest national relics or monuments. As you wander around, you are constantly filled with wonder that so much can be assembled under one roof, so many different things brought into one building, and that building a

church. From the choir we went into many interesting rooms, where various antiquities were collected. These rooms were, probably, during the time when the minster was occupied by the Catholics, used as private chapels; in some, the altar still remains. Among many curious things shown us was a large horn, which was the title-deed of the minster. It looked very much like the one which the fishermen of New England wind to announce their approach; singularly enough, as the deed of a church. The crypts in York Minster were full of interest to us. As we approached the door by which we were to descend to them, the old man, our guide, began to make rather formidable preparations, by tying his neck up in an extra wrapper, and pulling another handkerchief over his head and ears. He said, by way of apology, "that living as much as he did in the damp, chill air of the building, his health had become affected, and he was obliged now to take a care he never had thought of when younger."

We did not wonder at all at his caution as the door swung back, and the cold air struck upon us. No ray of the sun, or hardly of

light, had visited these dark rooms for hundreds of years, and the chill was unlike any other; it seemed almost tangible, and reminded you of that darkness which fell upon the land God had cursed, so thick that it might be felt. These crypts are small rooms, originally designed as the burial-places of church dignitaries, dug out of solid rock, at some distance underneath the abbey. These are arched in a Gothic style, and sometimes we saw carving upon the sides. Here, too, was often a larger room designed as a chapel, in which, in the very presence of the dead, masses could be said for their souls' salvation. Poor monks! it was perhaps not the least penalty which they had to pay for their superstition, that sometimes it confined them to darkness and cold like this, with no other companions but a few feeble lights and the mouldering bodies of the dead. Here, muttering over and over again words which had long since lost both their meaning and their sanctity, day and night they held their orisons, until falling victims to the noisome air, they in their turn slept, while the candles still burned, and the ritual words were still

chanted. Never before had there fallen upon me so keen a consciousness of the blessing and glory of that gospel which has broken the bonds of superstition, as came in the chill crypts of York Minster. We bury our dead where the blue sky lies above them, and a sunbeam may fall upon their graves, fit emblem of our belief that the light of Jesus's love is their sure light through the gloom, that through him death has lost its sting and the grave its victory.

As if to make the contrast the greater, our guide now took us from here into one of the most dazzlingly beautiful of chapels. It was not, like the famous one of Henry the Seventh, designed for a tomb, but for worship, and was called, on account of its form, the octagon chapel; it was a bright, cheerful room, lighted with many painted windows, all brilliant with modern coloring and design. The wood carving was of the very choicest kind, and I interested myself in tracing out its delicate leaves, bunches of flowers, and long, pendant wreaths, until my eye grew weary of the repeated beauty. There was here no pulpit, no accommodations of any kind for worship,

but more than in any other part of the minster the spirit of devotion seemed lingering, and I would willingly have remained for that morning service to which I had a short time before listened in the choir.

There was a small chapel called "Our Lady's Chapel," probably from having been originally dedicated to the Virgin Mary. This, when Cromwell's soldiers were in York, had suffered particularly from their vengeance. It remains now as they left it, and is as good a commentary on misguided zeal as could well have been offered. Formerly it must have been decorated with great care and at a vast expense; for, though small, it contains one of the earliest painted windows in England, and the frescos upon the wall, half obliterated as they are, show the hand of a master. No one can visit such scenes without a feeling of regret that in our imperfect human nature the good and the bad seem to be so mingled, and that often we veil the worst motives under the holiest names. Certainly there was no Puritan blood in the veins of our guide, for he shook his head sorrowfully, and showered not the mildest or

most kindly epithets upon the “stupid Round-heads.”

One might wander around for a week among the arches, through the long transepts, around the large pillars, and yet every day see some new object of interest. Now a large painted window, without any particular design, but with most curiously and fantastically arranged bits of colored glass, all minute in themselves, but forming a noble whole; and now the history of some Bible saint, or event of practical wisdom, painted in living colors, so that we cannot fail to read them; and then, towering above you, that lofty dome, in whose distance the eye becomes wearied, and you find yourself almost wondering where the notes of prayer and praise thus upborne reach any nearer to the mercy-seat.

To build a temple unto the Lord was surely a Divine command to the wisest of men; and we know he spared neither gold nor silver, costly wood from the forest of Lebanon, cedar pillars row upon row, chapiters of molten brass fashioned by a cunning artisan, brought out of Tyre, with nets of

checker-work, and wreaths of chain-work, four hundred rows of pomegranate, and upon the top the exquisite lily-work." Besides, we read that on the borders between the ledges were lions, oxen, cherubims, and palm trees. The altar of gold, the candlestick with the flowers, and the lamps and the tongs, of gold also. Even the hinges of the doors must be of the same costly metal; for was it not the temple of the living God? Certainly it would seem as if the spirit, if not the wisdom, of Solomon was yet stirring among the English churches; for at this very day the additions and repairs of the church are conducted on the most expensive scale. One thing, however, has constantly to be borne in mind; both labor and material are much more costly now than in those early days when the church was first built, and the same amount of carving and masonic work then lavished upon the minster would be a serious draft upon the resources of a church which, in these days of missionary enterprise, has no surplus money to waste at home. It was to me a matter of astonishment that, with the known liberality and far-sighted views of the English Church

with regard to the spread of Christianity, so much still remained to be expended on the preservation of these monuments of former ages. I could not but feel that, if they had been built in America, they would long since have fallen to ruins, or, like the Coliseum in Rome, been gradually plundered to build other and smaller places of worship, or for the more private purposes of dwelling-houses, perhaps even railroad bridges or factories, and we should see here, as in Rome, bits of frieze or a carved capital looking out from the sides of the tall building, which are our national monuments of greatness. With us, every thirty years must rebuild the interior, if not the outside, of our churches; much of this, of course, is owing to the original superficiality in building, but in England nothing is lightly built, and nothing changed.

The great religious revolution which "demolished the altars, and removed the candlesticks out of their place," left untouched the painting, the statues, excepting in those cases of destruction by a lawless mob or soldiery, and it is a curious phase in national religious life to us Americans to find ourselves

in a church dedicated to the invisible God over twelve hundred years ago, and to know that the worshippers for whom it was designed have passed so entirely away as a sect that their very name has been "a hissing and a byword," and yet still to the worship of the one only and true God the venerable pile of York Minster rears its head. "They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

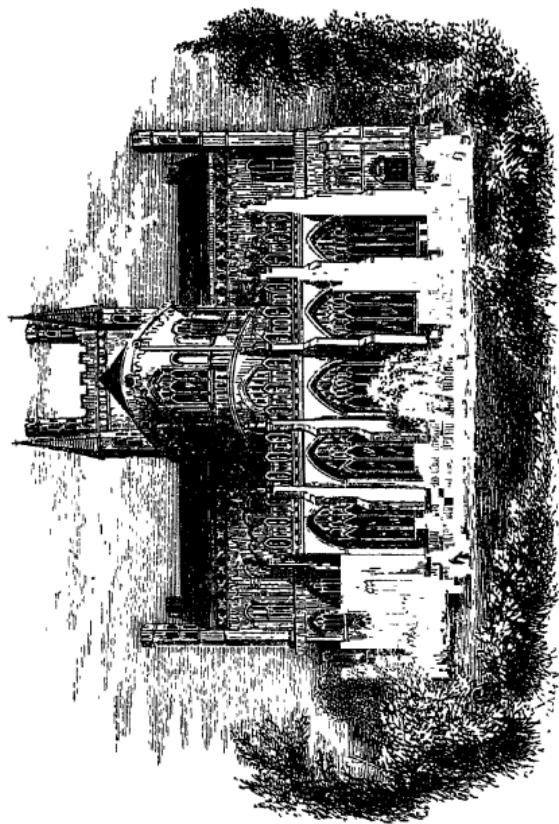
Such were the thoughts which forced themselves irresistibly into our minds as the evident weariness of our guide, to whom what was so new to us was a "twice told tale," warned us that our time had past. We were surprised to find how many hours we had lingered there, and with parting glances of regret at the cloistered walls which we might tread no more, we left the sombre light and long, dim shadows of the old minster, and found ourselves, in a few minutes, mingling with a crowd of men as busy and as fully wrapt up in the every-day

affairs of life as if they were not within sight of that building which, one would think, must ever remind them that the preparation for another and a future life is the only true end and aim of this.

CHAPTER THIRD.

ELY AND PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRALS.

THE history of the cathedrals of Ely and Peterborough is very similar to those of the two English churches already narrated. Early after the introduction of Christianity among the Saxons, a Benedictine abbey of much celebrity was founded at Peterborough, but in 807 it was destroyed by the Danes, and not rebuilt for a century and a half. In 966, the piety of the church, somewhat scandalized at such an instance of neglect, rebuilt it, and changed the name of the town from Medeshamstede to Peterborough, in honor of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. Now no pains or money were withheld from



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

it; and on the ruins of the old abbey arose so magnificent a building, that afterward, in the time of the Reformation, Henry the Eighth caused it to be carefully preserved, and only alterations sufficient made to render it a Protestant sanctuary. During the civil wars which followed his time, all the buildings which had been used for conventional purposes were destroyed, and the cathedral itself much injured. Cromwell's soldiers seemed to take peculiar pleasure in destroying or mutilating the tombs which they found within monastic walls. That direst of all revenge, that could not allow even the ashes of those who had once been their persecutors to rest in peace, tore open monuments and scattered the mouldering remains; or, if not proceeding to this length, sought, by defacing the name, to blot out forever the memory of the man.

The style of this building is Norman, differing in some important particulars from the Gothic, but very bold and imposing. It was built at different periods, and bears the marks of the various designers.

One of the most interesting things about the building was the spot in which the remains

happiness, and of the true value which faith in the unseen realities of another world has to those who have proved the transitory nature of this.

At the side of the door of the cathedral is a quaint old device, which deserves a passing notice. It is an uncouth figure of the old sexton of the church,— a short, square man with a wig on his head, holding in his hand his spade, while a pickaxe and skull, as symbols also of his occupation, lie around him. Under this figure are written the following lines:—

“ You see old Scarlet’s picture stand on hie,
But at your feet here doth his body lie.
This gravestone doth his age and death time show,
His office by these tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdye limme,
A scarebake mighty voice with visage grim,
He had interred two Queens within this place,
And this towne’s house holders in his lives space
Twice over. But at length his own time came:
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done. No doubt his soul doth live for aye
In heaven, tho here his body clad in clay.”

Going directly from Peterborough to Ely Cathedral, we were very much struck with the

contrast between the two. Ely seemed simply Gothic, and reminded us, with its interlaced arches and high towers, of spots in the forests of America where we had lain on the ground under overhanging branches, and wondered, as we looked up to catch a glimpse of the blue sky through the pendant leaves, how so broad and fair a surface could become so suddenly cut up into small circles and angles, minute crescents, and narrow, tessellated strips. In the same way now, we stood under the wrought portal of the church, and wondered at the minute and diversified stonework, at the trellis-work, the grape-vine, and even at the ugly corbels, which, grinning down upon us from the lofty roof, seemed to utter all the weird denunciations of old Druid times. We stood knocking at a very ponderous door, not a little surprised to find it, so contrary to the wont in large churches, fastened within. At length it was opened cautiously by an elderly, very respectable looking woman, who, being told that we were Americans, and had come to visit the cathedral, willingly admitted us.

“The building,” she said, “was now under-

going very extensive repairs, and they kept it closed; but Americans came so far they were privileged, and might come in."

At first view, there certainly was nothing very imposing in the interior; it did not compare, in our estimation, with the elegant proportions and elaborate finish of its exterior; and our guide, reading the expression of disappointment in our faces, began to pour out most copious arguments in its defence.

"It was considered by all competent judges," she said, "as the very finest building in the world. They thought at York they had a pretty nice one, but everybody knew there was no comparison. Her father was sexton of Ely before she was born, and when he died her husband took his place. She had lived all her life, she might say, within it, and she certainly ought to know. Three years ago she had gone to York to see what the famous minster was, but she had come home more than satisfied. England knew how to prize Ely; we had only to look around, and see what they were doing to it now, in order to convince ourselves."

And surely, if we may judge of the extent of the interest felt by the number of scaffoldings erected, and the mason-work commenced, it was most active. Old chapels were being torn away, and the space which they occupied thrown into the body of the church. Columns scraped from the accumulations of modern times, and restored to their pristine simplicity and beauty. Old monuments of the forgotten dead claiming anew their earthly interest, and faded pictures warming into new life and beauty.

Ely Cathedral is as ancient as any of the others which we have visited, being built as early as 670, upon a piece of land so surrounded by fens as to merit the name of the Isle of Ely. Separated in this way from the rest of the world, it was thought a fitting place for a monastery, and here a small settlement of monks chose their home. In 870, the Danes, who probably were attracted to these sacred places by the treasures there collected, pillaged and destroyed it, so that no effort was made to rebuild it for a whole century. Then a charter was obtained, with much ceremony, from the Pope, and

a flourishing community settled here again. The monks made themselves specially famous for the brave manner in which they defended their island home from the attacks of William the Conqueror.

In 1167, Ely was erected into a bishopric by Henry I., and continued a flourishing and influential place until Henry VIII., and the Reformation converted the convent into the cathedral. From that time until the present day, workmen have been almost always employed about the building. The Bishop of Ely possesses a wealthy see, and can alter at his pleasure.

One of the most interesting things within this church is the tomb of Tyndale. This is an old gray monument, standing almost by itself, a sarcophagus with quaint devices most curiously engraved upon it. He was martyred a great many years ago, but we, from a new world, had come to-day, and, forgetting the surroundings, stood by the time-covered stone, and our thoughts of the good old man were green and fresh. Diligently he had searched the Scriptures, and who could doubt that in them he had

found "eternal life?" His life and death are so closely connected with the religious history of the times, that we give a brief sketch of them here, as the story told us to remember the old Ely Cathedral by.

Early in the fifteenth century a little fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, called William Tyndale, might be seen playing about with the other children in a small Welch border town. He was an active, bright lad, gentle and lovely in his disposition, but so earnest and resolute that he soon became the leader in all sports or work. As he grew to be older he gradually dropped his claims to physical superiority, and thought and studied in so unusual a manner that he attracted the attention of some learned men. He was removed to Oxford, where he distinguished himself very soon as a scholar; but he became so quiet and attentive in his manners and deportment, that the young man graduated at the university with no other reputation than that of a good student. He found no trouble in procuring the place of tutor in a family in Gloucestershire, and settling down there to the faithful discharge of his daily duties.

Tyndale might have sunk into the mediocrity which was so often the fate of unpatronized scholars, had not God had other designs in store for him. Seated at the table of the wealthy knight, he found himself frequently surrounded by the highest dignitaries of the church,—abbots, deans, and priests, who came daily to the hospitable mansion,—and the young and unassuming tutor, sitting with his pale face and bright, eager eye so unnoticed among them, was listening to and carefully treasuring every word of truth thus unexpectedly brought to him. Just at this time Luther and Erasmus were agitating the Christian world with their “new and strange doctrines,” and the zealous churchmen discussed the generally forbidden themes with much openness and freedom at the table of a gentleman who was neither a spy nor a reformer. But Tyndale was not satisfied with merely listening; he made the new doctrines objects of intense and undivided attention; he brought to bear upon them all the quiet habits of study which he had been so carefully forming, and, after much prayerful investigation, became so thoroughly convinced of

the truth of the reformed religion, that, to the astonishment and dismay of those who had before regarded him as hardly forming one of their company, he became at once an earnest and zealous disputant. With the same energy and activity that he had displayed in his Welsh home, he now endeavored, not only to make his own opinions known, but to convert the clergy from the error of their way; but Henry the Eighth was as yet a bigoted Catholic; all freedom of thought or speech was refused with as much rigor in England as in Italy, and the martyr-fires were burning in Smithfield.

It is no wonder that, terrified by the boldness and incautiousness of his tutor, the knight should seek at once a safer instructor for his children, and that, therefore, we read of Tyndale leaving his service, and seeking some other sphere of activity. His wishes seem to have been very humble; he only desired the sum of ten pounds, about fifty dollars, a year, upon which to support himself, with children to teach, and an opportunity to go about the country and preach among the poor.

Itinerant preaching was very common in those days among the Catholics. Friars used to go about from town to town and earn a precarious subsistence by forgiving sins and instructing in the Catholic faith; therefore Tyndal preached about Bristol, avoiding such a direct avowal of the reformed doctrines as would bring him into peril; and contenting himself with urging the more practical and common requirements of a Christian life. Our young preacher was, however, destined to a different work. In his wandering life he must have been painfully struck with the entire ignorance of the common people on all subjects pertaining to their eternal salvation; and, taught by his own experience how little there was capable of instructing even those who made study the object of their lives, he conceived the sublime idea of translating the New Testament from the original Greek, and placing it in every one's hand. His education, his previous habits of close study and critical examination, and the bold and decided nature of his character, preëminently adapted him for the work. The language of Wicliffe's version of the New Tes-

tament had become so obsolete that it was nearly as unintelligible as the Greek to common readers; and no other had as yet been made. Abandoning his weekly preaching, he determined to seek the protection and patronage of Tonstal, whom Erasmus had extolled so much for his learning and virtue. Providing himself with a recommendatory letter from the king's controller, and a translation of his own of an oration of Isocrates from the Greek, he presented himself to his new patron; but Tonstal had already quite as many of the new religionists as he dared to succor, and, sad and disappointed, Tyndale found himself without friends or aid, but with the importance of the work which he was to do growing in his mind day by day; but as God had chosen him, so now he did not forsake him. He put it into the heart of a wealthy and benevolent citizen to offer him the small aid which he asked. He gave, with many words of kind encouragement, the fifty dollars which Tyndale had thought would be sufficient to maintain him; and then, by interesting some of his wealthy friends, collected a sum which should enable him to travel into Germany.

With what feelings of delight the young man must have found himself actually on his way to see and confer with Luther and many other divines, whose names were already associated with the Protestant religion; nor do we doubt that he received from these good men a cordial and hearty welcome. The importance of a reliable translation of the sacred Word was ever an object of the most deep and lively interest to them, and the sympathy between the English and the German mind already made itself felt. No doubt Tyndale derived most important aid from these conferences; for, instead of returning to England, he settled himself at Antwerp, and diligently commenced his task. Here he resided until his translation was completed. It was then industriously dispersed in England, and eagerly sought for. No sooner was this known than it was prohibited by Tonstal "as being corrupted with articles of heretical pravity, and opinions erroneous, pernicious, pestilent, scandalous, tending to seduce persons of simple and unwary dispositions;" therefore he issued orders and monitions for bringing in the

Bibles and destroying them. Tonstal, not being a cruel man, and wishing to oppress the people as little as he could without sacrificing his own interest, secretly employed a merchant to buy up the copies which remained in Tyndale's hands, hoping in this way to prevent their further circulation; but Tyndale, who had already become conscious of the defects of his translation, gladly sold the whole, and took the money to print a new and improved edition.

The event proved as Tyndale had anticipated; no sooner did the Word of God find its way into the hands of those who had hitherto known it but imperfectly, than a spirit of free inquiry was aroused which would not be controlled. People of every rank and condition of life sought the new translation so eagerly that it was difficult to meet the demand; and this, too, in the face of the most cruel and decided opposition. Those who dispensed the book were severely punished,—some by penance, some by fines, and some by martyrdom, if in selling they had ventured to expound or explain the doctrines therein contained.

“A brother of Tyndale with two others concerned in circulating these Testaments,” we read in a church history, “were sentenced to pay the enormous fine of 18,840 pounds and ten pence; and they were made to ride with their faces to the horse-tail, a paper on their heads, and as many of the condemned books as they could carry fastened to their clothes all around them, to the standard in Cheapside, and there with their own hands throw the copies which had been seized into the fire.” But this public act of blasphemy brought with it its own punishment. Surprise and displeasure were openly expressed. Those who went very willingly to see the spectacle of such a burning, started back with horror from the flames which consumed the acknowledged Word of God, and the authorities were obliged to have recourse to the same weapons by which they had been made to suffer so much themselves. They employed men of known talent and power to write against Tyndale’s translation, and the consequence was, that, instead of converting others back to Romanism, they themselves became sincere Protestants. Several eminent

scholars became converts, and employed their pens in defending both Tyndale and his translation; but so determined and bitter was the enmity of the Catholics, that no sooner were they detected as the authors than they were called upon to suffer the penalty. Some were confined in damp, unwholesome cellars, and many were obliged to leave home and country and seek protection among strangers. Writing words of advice and encouragement to a friend who was suffering on account of circulating the Testament, Tyndale says: "Stick you stiffly and stubbornly, in earnest and necessary things, and I trust you be persuaded even so of me, for I call God to record that I never uttered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience; nor would this day, if all that is on earth, whether it be pleasure, honor, or riches, might be given me."

Some time afterward, when this same friend was imprisoned in the tower and sentenced to death, Tyndale wrote to him, strengthening and sympathizing with him. They show how deeply imbued the translator's heart was with the value of his work.

“Your cause,” writes he, “is Christ’s gospel; a light that must be fed with the blood of faith. The lamp must be dressed daily, and that oil poured in evening and morning, that the light go not out. Yield yourself, commit yourself wholly and only to your loving Father; then shall his power be in you and work for you above all that your heart can imagine. If the pain be above your strength, remember ‘whatsoever ye shall ask in my name I will give it you,’ and pray to your Father in that name, and he shall cease your pain or shorten it.”

While Tyndale thus saw his friends sealing their testimony to the correctness and worth of his work by their blood, he himself was living in constant expectation of soon meeting the same doom. He kept himself occupied in writing doctrinal tracts, and in translating different portions of the Bible. He was also distinguished for the excellent judgment with which, by letter and by message, he was endeavoring to prevent any unnecessary collision between the two religious parties in England. Zeal, wisely tempered by moderation, was his leading characteristic, and so

quietly did he demean himself while he was wielding so great a power by his pen, that he might have escaped martyrdom had he not been betrayed, by an English student whom he had trusted as a friend, into the hands of the emperor's court at Brussels. He was soon brought to trial upon the decree at Augsburg, and condemned to the stake, the only special mercy that was shown to him being the privilege of being strangled before being burned. He died with a courage and firmness which proved that he received the support and comforts which are promised to those who are "slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

The last words which he uttered showed the deep love of his country which he had ever evinced. He uttered these words with a loud, unfaltering voice, "Lord, open the eyes of England's king."

And it seemed as if this last prayer was literally to be answered, for, a few years after his death, Henry the Eighth became a zealous Protestant. By royal command the condemned Testament was not only adopted into common use, but protected; and now,

even at this distant day, it has no rival in its perspicuity and noble simplicity of idiom. No wonder such a man as its translator was esteemed worthy a monument in Ely Cathedral.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

AFTER visiting the cathedrals in England, one comes first in sight of the far-famed Dom at Cologne with feelings of great disappointment. You have heard so much of the sums of money lavished upon it, and the ages spent in its erection, that you have expected you hardly know what, but certainly not the unfinished gray building that stands before you. If ever completed, it will be, so says your guide-book, "the St. Peters of Gothic architecture," and Gothic architecture you are sufficiently English to admire more than any other. As you approach nearer you begin to recognize the light arch upon and within

arch; the upspringing pillars as light and fantastic as the gossamer upon the flowers on a still summer morning; wreaths and pendants; grinning and unearthly statues and statuettes, airy, graceful, and yet substantial,— all these Gothic attributes and ornaments are there; and, forgetting the unfinished whole, you are soon lost in admiration of the separate parts.

The cathedral was commenced in 1248 by Archbishop Conrad of Hochsteten, and is, of course, quite a modern building in comparison with those of England. The architect, of whom nothing is now known, must have been possessed of rare genius, for the original design, which is to be seen in the engraving, presents to us a building of the noblest and most stupendous proportions. The two principal towers were to have been raised to the height of five hundred feet; but not more than a third of this has been completed, even on the one most nearly finished.

There is a legend connected with this tower, which shows so plainly the superstition of the people that we cannot help repeating it here. On the top is the crane,

by the help of which the masons have raised the stones for the building. This had remained for so many hundreds of years in its place, that it began to be regarded by the common people with a kind of veneration. It seemed to them a visible promise that at some future day the cathedral should be completed; but all hopes of this having faded from the minds of those who were responsible, they at last ordered the unsightly crane to be taken away. No sooner was this done than there came upon the city one of the most violent thunderstorms which were ever witnessed there. The terrified inhabitants immediately attributed it to the anger of God at their having given up the holy work which they had begun, and entreated, if nothing more could be added, that the same or a similar crane should be immediately restored. This was accordingly done, and one of the first objects which we noticed as we approached the cathedral was the ugly brown wooden machine surmounting the unfinished tower. There is still another legend, which gives the whole designing and erection of the cathedral to the devil, who, it is said, built

it in a single night when it was nearly given up by the good bishop.

The miraculous stories which, in their origin, cluster around every thing Catholic, make it really difficult to reach the simple history; but we fully believe that so stupendous a work required more money to carry it on than the country possessed; and we are not surprised to read that the cathedral became nearly a ruin about two hundred years after the finishing of the choir in 1322. In 1509 a stop was put to all progress in building, and nothing done of any importance until this present century. Between 1824 and 1842, 215,000 thalers, about 170,000 dollars, were laid out upon it by the king of Prussia, with the hope of finally completing it; but they found all this sum, and more too, needed in simply repairing the waste that time had made through so many centuries of neglect. The stone from the old quarry of Drachenfels, which had proved faulty, was exchanged for new and more durable from Andernach and Treves, and whatever was attempted was carried on in a most thorough and generous manner. So

great is the interest felt in this building in Europe, that, after a temporary discouragement, the present king of Prussia, although a Protestant, entered warmly into the plan of *finishing* it in this present generation, and contributed very largely toward it. Societies have also been formed all over the continent to collect subscriptions for this same purpose, and nearly a million of dollars were paid in from 1842 to 1851; but the architect who has the present charge of the building estimates the cost of completion now at about six million of dollars. This will give a better idea than any mere repetition of architectural proportions or beauties, of the extent and magnificence of the cathedral. It is an object of much interest to visit the different workshops connected with it, and see here a choice statue, and there a capital or shaft, so carefully carved that by themselves they are objects worthy of both study and admiration, and yet these very things may only be designed to fill some obscure niche in this elegant temple.

A short description of the choir is all that we shall attempt to give of the wonders of

this Gothic work; and in this, words must fail to give more than a very imperfect picture of the reality. The choir in height is 161 feet, and yet so filled with pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully colored windows, that it seems almost double that height. It appears, as you stand and look up, to be a perfect fairy palace. The work is fine and intricate, wearying you in any endeavor to bring it into either order or regularity, yet producing an impression of faultless symmetry. Frescoes upon the walls which were nearly obliterated have been repainted by celebrated artists, and the stained windows, which were originally made in the fourteenth century, have been also thoroughly cleansed and repaired. Stalls and seats, finely carved, but not so elaborately as those of English manufacture, are ranged around against the sides, and an high altar, with all the trappings and insignia of Catholic worship, stands out magnificently from the rest. On the outside of the choir, a double range of stupendous flying buttresses and intervening piers, bristling with a forest of pinnacles, strikes the beholder with awe and astonishment; all thought of the

object for which the building is erected is lost in wonder at the mysteries of its achievement. Fourteen colossal statues stand in still and majestic array against the columns ; these, of course, are the figures of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and the twelve apostles. These statues are gaudily colored, covered with gilt, and as tawdry and offensive to the taste as can well be imagined, at least to Protestants ; for as we afterwards learned, Catholics seem to lose their sense of incongruity in the daily contrasts to which their form of religion subjects them. The organ in this choir is said to be, in many respects, the best in Europe ; but as no service was proceeding at the time of our visit we did not hear it. In these churches your guide is always a priest, and the one who came to attend upon us, with many words and signs expressed his regret that we had not chosen an hour when we could have heard the instrument. I think the poor, sick-looking man must have found music one of the greatest solaces in his dismal life ; for he spoke with a ray of affection and interest lighting up his dull face, very unlike the leaden apa-

thy with which he afterwards presented to us the sacred relics of the church.

After visiting the choir and walking two or three times through the newly opened naves, aisles, and transepts, admiring the rows of gorgeously designed scripture windows, you submit yourself most meekly, without suffering one particle of your incredulity to escape from your countenance, to visit the shrines for which, almost as much as for its architectural wonders, the church is held in such veneration. And here I may perhaps as well state, what is probably already known to most of my readers, that the sanctity of a church among the Catholics is esteemed in proportion as it is made the depository of the whole or a part of the mortal remains of some saint. Beginning with our Saviour, whose body would have been miraculously multiplied until it became greater than even the whole army of martyrs, if he had not risen with it from his grave and ascended into heaven, leaving only for idol-worship the Jew relics of his trial and crucifixion, down to the good, over whose frailties time had thrown the mantle of oblivion, every

church has some relic, before which they may offer vain oblations.

The first shrine which we were taken to see was the one in which are said to repose the bodies of the three Magii who came from the east to worship the infant Christ.

How little these simple-hearted though learned sages thought, when, more than 1,800 years ago, led by the star in the east, they came to the spot where the young child was and humbly and reverently worshipped him, that here, in this far off northern land, under the vaulted roof of a temple, almost vying in splendor with that at Jerusalem, they should one day sleep the sleep of death, while around parched and shrivelled bones, monks should chant hymns, and poor, deluded worshippers invoke their intercessory prayers with that same risen and ascended Jesus; and yet to-day our guide, with solemn face, assured us that here in very truth they were, and demanded from us a *fee*, if we wished to gaze upon the sacred remains.

A small chapel directly behind the high altar contains the shrine. We cannot say we entered it *reverently*, but we certainly did

sorrowfully; for it seemed to hold the very spirit of that superstition which was grinding down into abject poverty and ignorance so many of our fellow-beings. The shrine is composed of the case in which the bones of the three Magii are deposited. This case is made of plates of silver gilt, curiously wrought, surrounded by small arcades, supported by pillars, inclosing figures of the apostles and prophets.

Before the time of the French Revolution, the amount of gold, silver, and precious stones with which these were surrounded was said to be almost incalculable; but at that time the priests, for fear of having this inestimable treasure carried away captive, were obliged to remove it secretly to Aremberg, in Westphalia, and many of the real jewels were sold to pay the expenses on the road. Their place has, however, been abundantly supplied by glass and false stones, and as few stay to examine into the real value of the show, they can mix the true and the false in their estimate, at their own pleasure. They will tell you that even now the treasures of the tomb are worth six million of francs, over a million

of dollars, but there is no doubt that this is a great exaggeration. There are some rare and rich cameos, which, yet remaining, give you an idea of its former magnificence, though their subject seems rather at variance with the sacred object which they are designed to ornament.

Pagan mythology and Christian faith are most inextricably intertwined in the Catholic religion; but nowhere does it strike the beholder more inappropriately than when we see Cupid, Psyche, and Leda exquisitely carved upon the shrine of a saint, whose claim to saintship was his close resemblance to the *pure* and holy Jesus. No such ideas had disturbed the faith of our devoted guide; for he pointed out each artistic beauty with many exclamations of delight.

Looking through an opening in the shrine, you are permitted to see the skulls of the three kings. In very truth there are three human skulls there, and it seems to you that never before did you see these expressive memorials of our mortality in so disgusting a way. We read of the ancient philosopher who had his wine-cup made of a skull, in

order, that, while he was enjoying the good things of this world, he should constantly keep in mind his own mortality; and of the gay and wicked poet who, laughing at death and immortality, would fain convince others that he did so from conviction, and not from thoughtlessness; and to this end kept a skull constantly before him upon his writing-table. In both instances the philosopher and the poet had seemed to us to court an association with the mortal which we were far from envying them, but now a simple skull seemed a relief from the mockery of these. Over each of these ghastly, grinning objects is written, in bright and flashing rubies, the names which were supposed to belong to them, "*Gaspar, Melchoir, and Balthazer.*" Above these were once three golden diadems; but now, though they have the same effect, they are only silver-gilt, and these are studded thickly with real gems. Our priest made the sign of the cross, and bowed reverently as his eye rested upon them; but I could not but think I read in his face, if not positive incredulity, at least want of simple faith.

On the front part of the case are some Latin lines, stating that here, and here only, are deposited the true remains, and that any other church claiming to have part or parcel of the same was committing a pious fraud. On Sunday, and festival-days, this shrine is thrown open to the public, and is commonly filled with worshippers, but at other times even the faithful must pay for the privilege of admission.

Between this chapel and the high altar, under a slab in the pavement, the heart of Mary of Medicis is buried. A short sketch of this illustrious woman may serve to show what kind of a character the Catholics think deserving of so holy a burial-place.

Mary de Medicis was the daughter of the Duke of Tuscany, and wife of Henry the Fourth of France. Living at the time of the great struggle between the Huguenots and the Catholics, she exerted an influence which made itself most extensively and disastrously felt. Henry was a warm and a zealous Protestant until, through their instrumentality, he was firmly seated on the throne of France. He then became recreant to his vows and his

religion, and, under the guise of conviction, declared himself a Catholic. The life of this monarch and of his queen entwines itself with the progress of the reformed religion, through a most interesting period of French church history ; but we must content ourselves with stating briefly a few facts.

The Huguenots, notwithstanding all the efforts of government to eradicate them, had proved a strong and growing party. It seemed as if the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the persecutions all over France, had only infused into them new life and vigor. They increased in numbers and in influence, until they counted as among their sect the very heir to the throne. But their triumph received a most severe check when Henry with his crown took also his papal vows ; and all over France resounded the text from their Bible, “ Put not your trust in princes.” A Catholic wife, in the person of Mary de Medicis, seemed to the Protestants to complete their downfall, and it was with no common grief and terror that they beheld themselves once more in danger of the bloody scenes through which they had so lately passed.

Mary's character was such as very much to increase their fears. Born and bred in the home of Catholicism, she was not only rigid and exacting in her religious requirements, but her natural love of arbitrary power, and stern, unbending determination to bring about her own ends in her own way, soon began to show itself in many injurious and uncomfortable ways.

While Henry was vacillating between the dictates of a naturally generous and grateful temper, which prompted him to succor and defend his late allies and active Protestant friends, and his new religion, which demanded the extirpation of the heretics, Mary threw all her influence in favor of the latter, and it was only the superior mental ability of Henry the Fourth to Henry the Second which prevented her assuming the responsibilities and enacting the scenes which had disgraced the time of Catherine de Medicis. With as imperious a will, as deeply rooted a hatred to Protestants, and as great willingness to spare neither blood nor imprisonment, she found herself restrained by the decided character and milder nature of her

husband. She bitterly opposed the celebrated edict of Nantes, by which the king granted to the Huguenot the same privileges and immunities which were enjoyed by his Catholic subjects. She represented it to him as a disgraceful attempt, on his part, at conciliation, where he had a right to command, and as a blot upon his name, which would be remembered against him long after the massacre of St. Bartholomew was forgiven by posterity to Charles the Ninth. Finding him resolute in his purpose, and not to be shaken by a storm of words, she was anxious to surround him by a set of tried Catholics, who, by rendering themselves necessary to his pleasures, should acquire that influence over him for which she had in vain endeavored; but in this also she was foiled, and having separated herself still further from his affections by all these intrigues, she was despairing of success, when his sudden death by the hand of an assassin made her regent of France, and threw, for a time, the absolute power into her hand.

And now, in very truth, the Huguenots had cause to tremble; but to the fact that they had been able to form themselves into an in-

fluential political as well as religious party, they probably owed their escape. The queen-regent was too anxious to preserve her position to run any risks, even "for conscience' sake," and she soon convinced herself that the party whom she had always despised would be more valuable to her as friends than as enemies. Her command was only a delegated one, and could be removed from her at the will of her subjects; and she would have shown herself short-sighted indeed, if she had refused to accept the vows of fealty which her numerous Protestant subjects immediately proffered her. With a wary caution, which they had learned through their long years of oppression, the Huguenots, as a body, carefully kept themselves from all political intrigues; and, by rendering important services in the quiet and useful walks of life, recommended their profession as much as possible to their crafty queen.

After seven years of regency, blotted by innumerable acts of cruelty and oppression, the kingdom of France, torn by internal dissensions, without law or order, and constantly terrified by the assassination or bloody exe-

cution of its prominent and best men, Mary was compelled to leave Paris, and take refuge from popular resentment in Blois.

While here, she seems to have been freed from all restraints; and to have incited civil war against her son, Louis XIII., who was now old enough to be king of France; and from this time until her death, wholly destitute of the affection of a mother, she turned all her thoughts and plans to the best measures for destroying his influence and reinstating herself once more in power. Detected by the king in one of her nefarious plots, he sentenced her to Compeigne, and all her adherents either into exile or to the Bastile. Finding herself a prisoner in her new quarters, the proud spirit of Mary was unable to brook the confinement, and making her escape she fled to Brussels, and afterwards to Cologne, where she died at last under circumstances of great want and suffering. The brief character which we find given of her in history is this: "With unbounded passion, she united all the weaknesses of her sex. She was ambitious from vanity, confid

ing from want of intelligence, and more avaricious of distinction than of power."

Such was the woman whose heart was buried between the sacred shrine of the three Magii and the high altar in one of the holiest of the Catholic churches, her only claim to the honor being her royal alliance, and her hearty adherence to the faith of her fathers. We should have supposed these precincts sacred to those who bore rich proofs of having lived the true Christian life, but surely hers was not that life which kept itself "unspotted from the world."

In the chapel of St. Agnes, near that of the three Magii, is a window, which, from its beauty, is called the cathedral window. Unlike most others, it is devoted to the patron saints of the city of Cologne, and, noted as it is, all that we could find to admire was the richness and depth of its coloring. In the centre is the Adoration of the Magii,—a singular and fantastic group, with square, Dutch figures, and faces much more filled with evidences of good living than of devotion. On one side of this, there is a motley collection of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins,

and on the other, St. Gereon and the Theban legions.

This famous St. Ursula deserves a passing notice, as an illustration of the wholesale manner in which the Catholic church can make its martyrs. St. Ursula, to whom a church is dedicated not far from the cathedral, was, so runs the legend, a princess of Britanny. Being very devout, she formed the resolution of going with a train of no less than eleven thousand virgins to Rome to offer her devotions and seek the blessing of the pope. After many very miraculous preservations by land and water, she at length accomplished her object, and, laden with spiritual treasures, was as far as Cologne on her return home, when she encountered the formidable Huns. An army of eleven thousand women was a novel sight to them; and, unable to seduce them from their vows of chastity or religion, with true barbaric wrath they slew them all. The martyr's crown was awaiting them, not only in heaven, but on earth; and notwithstanding their inhuman death, each bone of their precious bodies was preserved inviolate. As you enter the church of St.

Ursula, every part of it that meets your eye is filled with bones. They are built into the walls, buried under the pavements, strung on wires, arranged in all manner and kind of fanciful shapes as children would string together beads, and displayed in quaint array in glass cases all around the choir, while busts, fancifully trimmed off with silver and gold, are "true likenesses of the immortal army."

The saint herself reposes in a coffin behind the altar. Here, "lovely in their lives, and in their deaths not divided," rest also several other equally yellow and shrivelled skulls, her chosen companions. These holy relics have on very modern looking caps, trimmed with red, and surmounted with glittering coronets. In a little cupboard (for it seemed nothing more or less) were arranged also, in small satin caps with tinsel ornament enough for a whole theatre, the skulls of as many of the eleven thousand as could be crowded together. If possible, the contrast between these and the real jewelry of the three Magii made them more hideous and revolting. The soiled satin and lace and the bleached bones were a bitter mockery, a

revolting lesson on the weakness and vulgarity of superstition. The ring of St. Ursula, found in the tomb, a rib and the arrow that pierced her heart, are among the most precious relics. The priest, as he shows them to you, looks very solemn, and raises his voice as if he was chanting before the altar, while he numbers them over. He certainly evinced no more veneration when he showed us two thorns from the crown of our blessed Saviour, one of the water-pots of stone in which the water at the marriage at Cana was turned into wine, and some of the blood of the martyr Stephen.

It seems impossible for us to believe that men endowed with minds, even of the most ordinary capacity, can be found who really give credit to such absurd legends, much more to realize that at least a nominal recognition of their truth makes an important part in the religious beliefs of so large a sect.

Coming from the cathedral, whose pomp and ritual were celebrated in their most costly and splendid forms, to this small sepulchre, which they called a church, it was hard to believe that they could both belong to one

mode of worship ; that the genius and taste which could create and enjoy the one could find for a moment rest for itself in the vulgar and void superstitions of the other. Without going at all into the defects of the system as a theological one, the very contrasts and incongruities of their visible churches might, it would seem, suggest to a thinking mind the want of that simple unity which makes the glory of the revealed religion, " That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." And this one verse is all we need to insure us that heaven for which martyrs have died, and the consolations of that religion which comes not " in burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sins," but through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.

In the sacristy of the cathedral, there are comparatively few relics. Of these the most precious is, probably, a bone of St. Matthew. To possess the remains of the Magii was thought sufficient honor for one church, and if the worshipper is not satisfied, the priest has only to send him to the neighboring church of St. Ursula.

Around in different parts of this cathedral are erected small and rather rough altars, surmounted by rude images of the Virgin. These are designed as places where the poor of the city may come at any time to pray, and you can hardly enter the church during the day but you will find some one kneeling before them.

In one corner, on a coarse altar painted red, there was a small plaster figure, dressed off as gaudily as common cloth and tinsel could make her, that was intended for the Virgin. It must have been a favorite altar, for it was hung around with small votive offerings, showing in what particular manner the holy mother was supposed to have answered prayer: a small hammer, from some mechanic whom she had prospered in his business; a chisel, used perhaps in some masterly sculpturing about the building, the inspiration for which she had given; a wooden limb, cut out by a hand which had no skill, but whose burlesque and awkward proportions were in good keeping with the rude altar, a tribute of gratitude for the healing of the suffering member; arms, in such proportion that they seemed to imply a broken arm, a most com-

mon calamity in Cologne, or else had some mystical meaning with which I was unacquainted.

A number of persons were kneeling before this altar as I approached, and no one of them all raised their head or interrupted their devotions as I stood by them. It was to me one of the saddest sights of the day. Poor creatures, worn down by hard cares, want, and suffering, with no prospect of earthly relief, and yet unable to bear alone their load of misery, they had come up here into this splendid cathedral ; and with no eye to see or heart to love its wasted beauties, they had sought alone amid its vaulting arches, its clustering columns and long sounding aisles, this lonely corner, this coarse altar and this tawdry doll, and here in the dim light of this grand old window they only saw " Mary, the thrice blessed Mother of Christ," and, with the sincere outpouring of bleeding hearts, asked from her cold and silent lips that blessing, without which life were indeed too hard to be borne.

It is well that God only is to judge of the sincerity of that worship, for we know he seeth not and heareth not as man. And we

left the altar with the prayer that he would forgive the blindness and idolatry of these poor deluded but sincere worshippers, and in his own good time bring about the day when they should know the “grace of God in truth.”

As we were leaving the Cathedral, we took from off the old crumbling walls a piece of fresh, green ivy. Young, vigorous shoots were putting out their tiny hands, and clinging with fondness to the breaking stone. The sunlight lay upon them, and they danced and glittered in its glad beams as cheerily as if there were no decay or dissolution going on about them. I could not but be reminded by the walls, of the crumbling fabric of Catholic faith, reared ages ago, proud in its strength, and defying the assaults of time and the world, but now, grown old and feeble, striving to conceal all marks of decay by costly edifices and splendid rituals, which, like the ivy, might cover from observation, but could neither add new strength nor prevent its downfall; so that, perhaps, it remains yet for Protestants to finish the Cathedral of Cologne.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

NOTRE DAME.

THE church of Notre Dame is so closely associated with the political and religious history of France, that it seems almost impossible to select from among so many resources those only which shall be most strictly applicable to a Sabbath school book. If the notice seems barren and uninteresting, it must be considered not as belonging to the subject, but to the difficulty of making the selection.

There is very little doubt that this temple was first built during the time of the Romans; for, in 1711, foundation-stones were discovered, one of which was a votive altar, raised to Jove, and the other bore the effigy of the Gallic deity Ilesus. The first Christian church was erected on the site in 365, in the time of Valentinian I., and dedicated to St. Stephen. In 522 it was enlarged or rebuilt, and was said then to contain thirty columns. It probably remained until the year 1000, when Rupert, son of Hugh Capet,

commenced the church, which, from one of the chapels built in honor of the Virgin Mary our Lady, he called Notre Dame. The building proceeded but slowly; for the first notice which we read of any service being held in it, was in 1185, when Heiraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had come to Paris to stir up the people to a third crusade, officiated there.

One monarch seems to have built a transept, another a tower, another a chapel, another a choir. One placed a beautiful painted window, and some other put in whole rows of sculptured saints. The detail of all these additions and improvements would be tedious. We shall confine ourselves to the appearance of the church as it stands now.

The church is in the form of a cross, with double aisles surrounding the choir and nave, and a complete series of chapels. It has two lofty towers, and quite a number of ample portals. A striking feature of the exterior of Notre Dame is the vast flying buttresses, fronted by crocheted pinnacles, which rise from the outer walls of the chapels. The portals are loaded with a quantity of carving and statuary, which in themselves

form quite a study. One, for example, called the *Portail St. Marcel*, is pinnacled and ornamented with bas reliefs, among which the following are some of the subjects chosen,— St. Stephen instructing the Jews; answering the Jews' arguments; insulted by them; his lapidation and burial. Above is a figure of Christ pronouncing his benediction; two angels by his side, one in the attitude of adoration. The arches are pointed, with small figures of angels, prophets, patriarchs, and bishops. Above this portal is a great rose window, filled with a variety of sacred and legendary subjects; and this portal may be considered a sample of the others.

The whole exterior of the church is loaded with similar representations. The interior is not so rich as the exterior. The arches of the nave are painted; the piers are bold, with large and vigorously executed capitals; and the pillars of the aisles are alternately single and clustered. The ceilings of the aisles are painted with bees on blue ground. There are many large rose windows with light galleries running along under them; these have a very singular effect.

The chapels are generally plain ; some few we shall notice, as containing interesting reliques. These were formerly remarkable for their splendor, the walls being covered with marble or finely covered wainscoting, enriched with gilding, and containing sumptuous tombs, belonging to noble families. In 1793, at the time of the first French Revolution, many of them were stripped of their riches, and it is only those which have been repaired that are now worthy a visit. The choir is noted, like those in England, for the carved work of its stalls. They are richly sculptured and decorated by two bass-reliefs, representing the principal events in the life of the Virgin. The stalls are terminated by two thrones of great beauty, surmounted by canopies and adorned with angels holding emblems of religion. There are here also some large pictures of Scripture subjects, all of which are interesting.

In Paris, the churches are open from early in the morning until evening, and a stranger may visit them at any time. It matters little whether service is going on or not, a franc bestowed upon your guide acts at once as a

motive for taking you into the most sacred places at the most sacred time.

It was a fine June morning when we made our first visit to Notre Dame. Paris was so full of life and beauty, that it almost seemed as if the genius of happiness abode nowhere else on earth but with this light-hearted, thoughtless people. Pretty French girls, with their hands full of fresh flowers, ran after our carriage, offering their beautiful wares as we drove along. Wheelbarrows full of strawberries and cherries, trundled about by old women, paused at the corners to let us pass, while the venders saluted us with a torrent of supplications to buy. It almost seemed as if the nearer we approached the church the more busy and discordant the scene became, and when we stopped before the door our carriage was literally surrounded by a host of sellers. Some offered flowers, but most rosaries, crucifixes, small plaster images of the Virgin with her hands crossed humbly over her breast, or hideous representations of our Saviour suffering upon the cross. They had too a variety of short Catholic prayers printed on showy satin paper, with an engraving of

the saint to whom they were addressed on the top, and a great variety of other Catholic symbols.

We only made our way through the crowd by making some slight purchases; and when we reached the portal, we found the part which opened into the street, filled with tables spread with the same wares.

We stopped at one to examine the variety of rosaries and crosses. All the materials of which they were made were cheap, being mostly of different colored glass, strung together with shining bits of tinsel. Black and white were the predominant colors chosen, and also silver and ebony crosses. These crosses had generally upon them rude and miserable images of our Saviour, with his arms extended upon the cross. The owners of these stands were clamorous for us to buy, and we could not but be forcibly reminded of the buyers and sellers in the porch of that ancient temple, whom Jesus so indignantly cast out. As we opened the door, we perceived that service was going on in the choir, and with the reverence for churches which we could never forget, even in those of the Ro-

manist, we stepped softly in, and looked about for a seat, in which to await the completion of the mass. None were to be found; the entire floor was clear of any thing which looked like bench or chair, and we afterwards learned that these are never provided, except on Sunday, when two sous is demanded from every occupant. We had not remained in our deferential position long, before an old woman, so deformed as hardly to retain a vestige of humanity, came hobbling towards us extending a withered and distorted hand, and mumbling in no gentle tones,— “For the love of the blessed Virgin, for the dear Lord’s sake, help a poor sinner; alms! alms! and I will never cease to bless and pray for you.”

Anxious to rid ourselves as soon as possible of such a sight, we bestowed what charity seemed proper upon her; but, no way satisfied, she stood by us, still going over and over with the same plaint, until, from very annoyance, we were obliged to go nearer the altar. She did not dare to follow us, and we saw her, as we left, dart after another party who were just coming in. But they were more

accustomed to such sights than we were; for, without taking the slightest notice of her, they kept on their way, and she dropt behind them.

As we approached the choir, a priest in long black robes came out from the side to meet us and inquire if "we would like to see the church?" We said "yes;" but expressed our willingness to wait quietly, and not disturb the services. He smiled with true French suavity, and informed us, "it was perfectly unnecessary; our movements or presence would not interfere with the holy rites."

Pointing out to us first the general features of the architecture with which we have already acquainted our readers, he led us into various chapels, and dilated upon the pictures and statues which they contained. "Here," he said, pointing to some hollow, gilt busts and making the sign of the cross, "are some of the bones of St. Ursula and other of the eleven thousand virgins." We did not wonder that they had been able to spare a few from the relics at Cologne; and "here is the picture of the Assumption, by Salvator Rosa." We stopped before this

with an earnest desire to find it beautiful, for we knew Salvator Rosa was an old master, and his works were considered almost priceless; but we have seen many of his landscapes which we have admired more. "Here is the conversion of St. Paul, by Restont." It certainly does require extraordinary genius to paint an extraordinary subject; and, although St. Paul was a fine-looking man, there was little more. We searched in vain for the holy awe, the trembling and convicted sinner, in his upright gaze. In another chapel, we were stopped before a picture of Christ raising Jairus' daughter to life, and the departure of St. Paul from Miletus to Jerusalem.

After looking some time at the large scripture paintings, one becomes almost insensibly interested in them. Unless the execution is very poor, and it seldom is in any church of note, the subjects grow upon you, and you are more engaged in reading the idea of the character as developed on the canvas, than in judging of it as a painting. I could never, during my entire residence in Europe, pass a Bible picture, without stopping to discern

from it as much as I could of the religious character of the artist. So, this morning, in Notre Dame, I followed most willingly the leading of our priestly guide, as with slow and measured voice, very much like what you might expect from the utterance of a machine, he explained the various pictures. There was one style of pictures, great favorites in the Catholic church, which always filled me with disgust and horror,—the pictures of the martyrdom of saints. In these, the object of the painter seemed always to be to depict human suffering in its most acute form. Countenances distorted with agony, nerves strung to their utmost tension, and muscles swollen and almost starting from the body with bleeding wounds, and all instruments of torture, were common and favorite ways of meeting the demand of a religion which atoned for sin by physical suffering, and bought heaven and the favor of God by laceration and cruel death. There were several of this kind, and not devoid of merit here; but our priest thought we showed a heresy by the slight attention which he saw us disposed to give them.

One chapel interested us as containing a fine monument to Cardinal de Belloy, a venerable old archbishop of Paris, who lived to be ninety-nine years old. It represented the prelate seated in his chair, on a sarcophagus, bestowing alms on a poor mother and child. The expression of gentle benevolence in the old man's face, and the touching want and gratitude in the suppliants, were very remarkable. We did not incline to look away from it at all to a large picture of the martyrdom of St. Hippolyte, or even to the good St. Charles Borromeo administering the sacrament to those sickening with the plague at Milan.

As the priest noticed our admiration of this piece of sculpture, he thought he had a great treat for us in a small gallery to which he immediately conducted us. Here we saw twenty-eight statues of the kings of Judah, ancestors of the Virgin. They were made of wood, painted in *grisaille*, and so rude and coarse in their execution, that, in spite of our endeavors to the contrary, we could not but be amused. When the priest noticed our merriment, with most expressive gestures of

regret he told us these were not the original statues, that were made as far back as the thirteenth century; but those having been wantonly destroyed in 1793, these were put here to take their places, until others and better could be finished. Perhaps it was considered necessary to the sanctity of the church that the places thus occupied should not remain any length of time vacant; certainly there could be no other motive for such works. Statues of the Virgin were sprinkled about, wherever a vacant niche was found to hold one; and surely it was well that they laid no claim to actual resemblance; for a greater variety of feature and expression can hardly be imagined. Generally the only wish was to make sweetness and sadness supply every other want; and the marble, plaster, or wood, as the material might chance to be, were all formed with the same bowed head and clasped hands. Sometimes there came the infant Christ in her arms, and then we saw a plump face with staring eyes and pouting lips, close curls, and as much soul as you find in a London wax doll. This is particularly the case with those which are placed

upon the small altar, around which the poor are always found at their devotions.

Our guide would have detained us for hours in looking at these and similar things; but our time was limited, and we begged to be taken at once to the sacristy, where we should be sure to find the most sacred things which the church contained. The old sacristy was demolished in 1750, and temporarily, to supply its place, a chapel was taken, which had been erected to contain the remains of a young nobleman. In order to reach this, we were admitted through a high wooden gate, which is constantly kept locked to prevent ingress without the required fee. The priest delivered us over now to a guard, who, in uniform, made quite a contrast with his own meek dress and manners, and seemed to us, as he hustled about with a very conscious air of importance, to be not half as well adapted to his office. You enter a room which, in spite of the colored glass window, reminds you of a good New England kitchen, it is so filled with cupboard-doors and drawers. They all are strongly locked, and you are politely admonished to

keep at a respectable distance while the key is turned and the doors swung back. And surely it is no wonder that they are so guarded; for gold and silver utensils of every form and kind are sparkling with precious gems,—crosses and crosiers, heavy with the wealth of stones carved exquisitely, and filled with every manner of device. The whole paraphernalia of Roman worship, in its most gorgeous and expensive kind, is here. We could not help comparing them, in our own minds, with the simple service used at our sacramental table, and we felt sure that all the pomp and ceremony could not be as acceptable to Him as the plain heart-worship which in our plain churches we hoped to offer. We found ourselves repeating that verse from Hosea: “And now they sin more and more, and have made them molten images of their silver, and idols according to their understanding, all of it the work of craftsmen; yet I am the Lord thy God, from the land of Egypt, and thou shalt know no God but me, for there is no Saviour beside me.”

The most interesting things to be found

here are the coronation robes of Napoleon. These are kept in the drawers, and are so contrived that the drawer can be pulled out and the robe spread entirely open. They are of white satin, most gorgeously embroidered with gold, made in the form of a large circular cape. Here too are the robes which he presented to the bishops to be worn on the occasion; one of crimson velvet was particularly elegant. While looking at these, we were kept so far from them that we could not touch them; and, as our guide drew out one drawer after another he expatiated in a most enthusiastic way upon the ceremony, and the appearance of the principal performers.

Weary of listening to the thrice told tale, I left the part of the chapel where the exhibition was going on, and went back to look at the church insignia. But no sooner was my intention perceived than I was called back with a severe reprimand, the civility of which I proceeded to question, when I was informed by one of our party that the man was afraid to venture me there for fear I would *purloin* some of the treasure. He

lamented most pathetically, and with cause, the lawless mob who, in 1831, headed and led on by the National Guards, broke into the sacristry of Notre Dame and wantonly destroyed every thing within their reach,—tearing off the gold from the coronation robes, and so defacing them, that, although restored as well as skill could do it, yet their beauty could never be entirely regained. At that same time, a picture of Notre Dame, upon which a celebrated artist had bestowed much time and labor, was found standing on the easel in the vestry, and torn into a thousand pieces, so senseless and brutal had the people become in those days of political intoxication. As we looked at these things we had a fear, half undefined, but still a fear, that such combustible matter could never become entirely extinct; and that at any time we might be in danger of seeing the same scenes reënacted. This was a modern act, but one more revolting still remained for us to learn as we entered the choir.

Beneath it is a vault, in which are interred the archbishops of Paris; and in a smaller vault, in leaden coffins, the remains of Louis

the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth. The mob rushed in here, seized the coffins, and melted them over into bullets. What a solemn lesson of the brevity of human greatness! Perhaps the world never saw more absolute monarchs than these two. Never lived there before, those to whom the common people cringed and bowed with more entire servility; and never were they more oppressed and ground down. All France was valued just in proportion as it ministered to their wants or pleasures, and their more sacred persons were regarded almost with veneration; but, after a few years, all that remained of them was scattered, no one knew whither; and their coffins even were used as instruments of death to avenge upon their posterity their sins and persecutions,—“Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation of those who hate me.” In the revolution of 1831 two large statues of these kings were also destroyed, thus showing the popular hatred and vengeance had not even then died away.

In this choir, just before the railing, the

present emperor and empress knelt to take their marriage vows; and surely they could have chosen no spot where they could be more impressively reminded of the uncertainty of their regal position.

The choir contains eight large pictures, among which one interested me as the masterpiece of an artist who painted it with his left hand, his right being paralyzed. The subject was the "visitation of the Virgin." All these pictures are from the scripture history of Mary and the child Jesus, and afford much of interest. The reading desk was a large brazen eagle. Over the high altar we noticed a marble group representing the descent from the cross, of fine design and execution.

The organ in Notre Dame is said to be a remarkable instrument; but we only heard a few soft notes struck as an accompaniment to the chanting of the service. The organs in these churches are so different in their construction from ours, so hidden by screens and carved work, that I never felt certain I knew the position of one until after I had heard it played. This organ is forty-five feet high,

thirty-six in breadth, and has 3,484 pipes. We were anxious to hear it on some occasion when its power should be shown, but none such offered while we remained in Paris.

Next to the organ, the bells of the French cathedral have been objects of much interest to us. One needs to be accustomed to the different sounds in a great city to distinguish those of the various church bells, and although we may frequently have heard those of Notre Dame, we had no clear idea of their tones. In former times the church was noted for its remarkably fine peal, but of these only one now remains, in the southern tower.

They have a curious and rather interesting custom of baptizing bells. As they are to be so intimately associated with all important national events, so they become in themselves national monuments. They are made to express the feelings of the people, and their iron tongues are often gifted with a power far beyond what belongs to that of any mortal. The nation's joy or sorrow they must tell, and often the first notice of an important event comes to the multitude

through their voice. These old bells of Notre Dame would have many a curious tale to relate, could the different occasions on which they have been used, all be collected and arranged together. They have rung most merrily for the birth and accession of a prince to the throne, and more joyously still when the hand of the subjects' violence had brought the same king to an untimely death. The only one now remaining was baptized in the presence of Louis the Fourteenth and his queen Theresa, and bears the name of the queen, Emmanuel Louise Theresa. It is now called the *Bourdon*. Another bell, called Marie, was broken and melted down, as were the chime of eight bells in a southern tower in 1792. One would hardly wonder at the amount of destruction and desolation which were carried on there, when they see how every thing that could be converted into an instrument of death was taken, without reference to the sanctity of the place which was robbed. New bells are now making to take the place of the old. Probably they will be as full and sweet toned, but they miss from their peal that note of the past which forms so strong

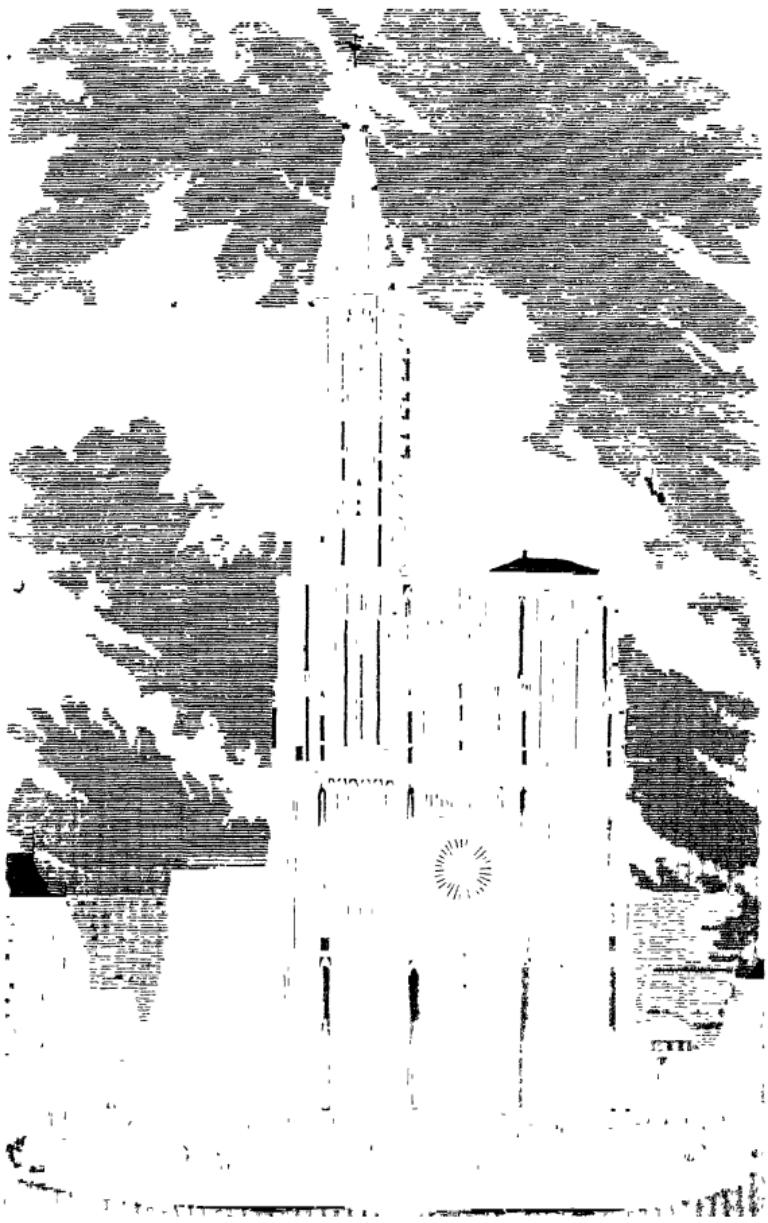
an object of interest in the old cathedral church of Notre Dame.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

STRASBURG AND FREYBURG.

THE cathedrals of Strasburg and Freyburg are considered as among the most beautiful specimens of architecture in the old world; but as there is nothing of special historic interest, either in matters of church or state, connected with them, we shall give them only a short notice. They are both Catholic churches, like all of any note on the continent of Europe; and when the daily rites of one have been noticed, all others would be a repetition.

We reached Strasburg after a dusty, hot ride, where every mile the sun reminded us by its power that we were in the region where the vine ripens for the richest wine. The driver whom we hired to take us from the railroad station to the cathedral proved



STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

to be a very stupid person, hardly seeming to have as much intelligence or life as the brisk little horse who drew us swiftly along over a fine, level road toward the city. The only sign of animation which the man evinced was pointing with the handle of his whip to the cathedral, as its tall, graceful spire,—for only one is yet completed,—came first in sight. We knew it was the highest tower in the world, rising 468 feet above the pavement, and twenty-four feet higher than even the great pyramid of Egypt; but, familiar as we were with its appearance in engravings, we had not expected so beautiful and graceful a thing, even at the distance from which we now saw it. To rise in the carriage and look over as if we would see below the horizon which bound it was involuntary, and a smile of pleasure was forced by our enthusiasm even on the face of our stupid driver. We kept this constantly in sight until we entered the narrow street of the town, when it was lost amid the crowd of smaller and common buildings. We could not resist drawing a moral from this at the time, which recurs forcibly now, as we are realizing the scene. That small, taper-

ing spire, pointing so plainly and with nothing near it to divert the eye, to heaven, seemed, as it lay still against the deep-blue sky, like the finger of faith pointing upward. Away from the noise and bustle of life, on the quiet highway, with nothing but green trees and fields about us, we could distinctly discern it, and it almost seemed to look beyond the thin veil which surrounded it and see deeper into that other land ; but as we approached, the cares and noises and occupations of life, the spire and the blue sky, and the distant home, grew more and more indistinct, until at last they faded wholly from view, and we jostled around among the crowd of busy human beings, and found our thoughts and interest diverted from the distant to the nearer objects.

No sooner did we stop before the door of the cathedral than our carriage was beset with a crowd of noisy and clamorous guides, each one anxious to secure the party. As they were not allowed to enter the church, we refused any negotiations with them, but this seemed only to increase their boldness, and at last we were obliged to push our way through them, in order to reach the door.

They told us that a particular mass was being offered that morning, and that strict orders had been given to the police to prevent any one's entering the church until it should be finished; but the exact proportion between the time required to end the service and visit the tower excited our suspicion, and we resolved to try our luck at the door. A crowd of poor people filling the porch, and all attempting in vain to gain access, made the story seem quite probable; but having with difficulty pushed the outer door far enough to see a spruce French soldier, dressed in handsome uniform, who was there on duty, we soon made him understand that we were Americans, and wished to come in. The name of Americans acted frequently like a charm, particularly upon the French soldiers; for the Americans are generous travellers, more frequently making themselves ridiculous by the foolish extravagance of their manner of travelling than exciting contempt by their meanness.

"Good! you are welcome! come in!" said the guard, most politely, at the same time opening the door to admit us, and thrust-

ing back those of the waiting crowd who attempted to force their way in. Service was proceeding in the choir, and we saw more of pomp and ceremony, more priests, more rich robes, more genuflection, than we had ever witnessed before; but when we inquired whether our looking round the church would not be a disturbance, our guide said, with a peculiar shrug of the shoulders, "No, no, nothing disturbs the priest."

The inside presented the usual assembly of aisles, columns, and chapels. Altars, with the same tawdry Virgins,—one we noticed as being rather more than commonly elegant in its attire. It was a life size, plaster image, with very black, shining eyes, red cheeks, and a complexion white as alabaster. Upon her head was placed a turban of coarse lace, all surmounted with a showy crown made of gilt paper, spangled with bits of painted glass. Her dress was stiff white muslin, standing out like the hooped dresses of olden time; this was covered with silver and gold paper stars, all shapes and sizes. A long, thin sash around the waist came to the bottom of her dress. One bare arm was covered with a

profusion of tinsel bracelets; and in that hand she held a cross, with the image of the Saviour rudely sculptured upon it. The other arm was extended, holding a coarse, thin cotton pocket-handkerchief, trimmed with a showy cotton lace. A more perfect burlesque of a fine lady can hardly be imagined; and yet before this image daily immortal human beings knelt, and prayed her to intercede for them with God. I wondered, as I stood there, whether, in their minds, these poor creatures gave a spiritual form to the Virgin, or whether they thought of this very image, in all her trappings, as approaching the mercy-seat. Probably this gay Madonna was the gift of some penitent person, whose worldly all might have been swallowed up in this attempt to adorn divinity; and the story, known to those who visited the shrine, might convey the lesson of repented sin, if nothing more.

The windows and the clock are the chief objects of interest in this church. The windows are beautiful specimens of stained glass, most of it from the fifteenth century. You go from one to another, hardly knowing

which to prefer until you reach the large marigold window, which you must fain stop and admire. It is high up in the western end of the church, and occupies a position by itself, with no arches or statues to distract your attention from it.

“Magnifique!” said our guide, pointing up to it; “good, very good, how large do you think it is?” We used our Yankee power of *guessing* to its utmost. Some said, “three,” some “six,” some “twelve feet,” and one of our party, who prided himself upon his accurate eye in telling measures at a distance, walking around so that he could see it in all lights, at length pronounced it, with some hesitation, “near twenty feet.”

Our guide laughed as he said it was forty-three feet in diameter, and more beautiful near to than from the distance where we were viewing it. A window forty-three feet in diameter, and yet appearing to some of us not more than three, will give an idea of the extent of other parts of the building. There is another circular window, which is larger than this, although the painting is neither as fine nor as beautiful. This is forty-eight feet

in diameter, and of itself the size of the side of a small church. The longer we looked at it the more beautiful it became; and if we had seen nothing more, we should have felt quite repaid for our visit to Strasburg; but the clock is generally considered an object of much more interest than the glass, and as there is only one hour in the day when all its mechanism is at work, there is at that time a crowd in the part of the church where it stands. To our guide it was the wonder of all the wonders; and full fifteen minutes before the operation was to take place, he hurried us to the spot, in order to secure us good places. We found a large number already assembled, and as we watched their countenances, we thought they expressed the same kind of curiosity with which they would gather to see the performance of a miracle. The frame of the clock is richly gilt, and resembling a large organ in form and size. The mechanism is all hidden from sight; the only figure visible at first being a large gilt angel made to represent Time, who sits with a hammer in his hand, and strikes the hours upon something which resembled a drum.

The famous cock which crows three times also occupies a conspicuous position upon the side and top of the clock. He is very gay, in bright plumage, with a most elevated crown, and neck capable of quite as much elongation as ever belonged to a live biped. Precisely at twelve the hand of the angel was raised, and brought back a good, hearty, clear stroke upon the repeater, and a door opened in the alcove, directly above him, from which issued the figure of our Saviour, with the distinguishing crown upon his head. He was no sooner in his place than another door opened on the side of the alcove, and there came out an apostle, clad in long sacerdotal robes; as he approached our Saviour he turned his body entirely to him, and bowed his head reverently. At the same time our Saviour raises his hand and places it upon his head, as if blessing him. Each one of the twelve apostles presents himself in the same way, and receives the same benediction; with the last stroke of twelve the last one disappears into a door opposite the one by which he had entered, and the figure of the Saviour also retires. No sooner is this done

than the chanticleer claps his wings three times with a very woodening sound, throws up his long neck, and utters a discordant crow. This it repeats three times also; then the last stroke has been told, and the mechanism has resumed its wonted quiet. This clock was made by a celebrated mechanist who is still living in Strasburg, and takes the place of a similar one, which had fallen to decay. After all, it seemed to us nothing more than a large toy, and we could not but regret that abilities sufficiently great to have created it had not been elevated to some more worthy object.

Near the clock, in the Gothic border which runs along the wall, terminating in a very fine pillar, appears a grotesque little statue. A man, short, square built, with a flat hat on his head, and a perfectly Dutch face, sits looking with an expression of much complacency upon the building and the assembly. This figure was carved by the architect of the minster to represent himself, and he requested, as a personal favor, that it might occupy the place which it now does. No one can look at it without a smile, or can

help regarding it as other than a proof of great personal vanity. If the architect had only left his appearance to us to imagine, I think we should have been apt, from the proofs of genius which this beautiful building affords, to have given him at least a few more of the outward semblances. His name was Erwin of Steinbach, and his tombstone has recently been found here, with that of other members of his family.

The exterior of the church at Strasburg differs from almost any other in the world in the lightness and beauty of its architecture. In the language of a celebrated book on architecture,—“Over the solid part of the gigantic mass is thrown a netting of detached arcades and pillars, which, notwithstanding their delicacy, from the hardness and excellent preservation of the stone are so true and sharp as to look like a veil of the finest cast-iron.” Another author says,—“The building looks as though it were placed behind a rich open screen, or in a case of woven stone. The effect of the combination is very gorgeous, but with the sacrifice of distinctness for the multiplicity and intersections of the lines.”

A modern traveller gives the following poetic description of the interior: "But the inside,— a forest-like firmament, glorious in holiness; windows many-hued as the Hebrew psalms; a gloom solemn and pathetic as man's mysterious existence; a richness gorgeous and manifold as his wonderful nature. In this Gothic architecture we see earnest northern races, whose nature was a composite of influences from pine, forest, mountain, and storm, expressing in vast proportion and gigantic masonry those ideas of infinite duration and existence which Christianity opened to them."

To ascend the tower forms an important part of seeing the cathedral, but no one should attempt it who has not strong nerves. You have special permission to mount the narrow stairway, and when it seems to you you must be near the top, you reach a platform, and are told you have yet another third of the distance before you. On this platform you find guards stationed to keep watch against fire, and surely as you look out upon the forest of architecture around you, you think there is good need of being careful. If

your permission is found correct, one of them will unlock the iron gate which closes the passes, and accompany you to the upper spire. It has been found necessary to use all these cautions to prevent the dreadful suicides which for a few years constantly took place here. Whether they were from deliberate purposes formed before going up, or whether they were suggested by the dizzy and peculiar architecture of the spire, it is impossible to say; but we often hear of persons who are unable to ascend any height, from the physical sensation which seeks to relieve itself by falling to the bottom.

To a person of ordinary nerve there is no danger or difficulty in the ascent, but steadiness of head is very necessary. The stone-work of the steeple is so completely open, and the pillars which support it are so wide apart, and cut so thin, that they look like a collection of bars of iron or wood. One might easily fancy himself suspended in a cage over the city; and if the foot were to slip in just the wrong place, the body might be precipitated to instant destruction below. But if one is not fearful, he finds himself

more than repaid by the close inspection which he is here enabled to make of the delicacy of the workmanship. The elaborateness of the tracery, the sharpness of the angles and ornaments, attest the skill of the architect in a most convincing manner; and as you recall the small, heavy face of the man, you are utterly unable to associate it with the being whose poetical mind and finished taste have found a lasting monument in this beautiful cathedral.

F R E Y B U R G .

As persons visit other churches to see the church, so they go to Freyburg to hear the organ, and see a curious bass-relief surmounting the portal under the tower. We reached Freyburg after dark, and almost as soon as we entered our hotel we were asked, "if we wished to hear the organ; if we did, there was not a moment to be lost, for the services had already commenced." We were very weary, for we had had a long, warm day's journey, and the clock had already struck nine, but our arrangements would not allow us to re-

main another night in Freyburg, and we of course could not lose the music.

Provided with a guide and a lantern, we started immediately, and, very much to our joy, found the distance short. As we came under the walls of the church, we looked up with a forlorn hope that we might catch some view of its proportions; but we could only dimly discern an object darker than the night above us.

When we came to the portal, the guide raised his flickering light, and held it up toward the bass-relief; but all we could see was some very curious looking demons lowering down upon us; and, at the same moment, we caught the low, sweet notes of the organ. Pushing open the door, we found ourselves in a church, nearly dark, and, as we passed on through it, we felt, rather than saw, that it was full of people. With some difficulty we obtained a seat upon one of the wooden benches which were placed there for the accommodation of the evening, and the piece which was playing when we entered being ended, we looked about in the pause of the music to get as good an idea as we could

of the interior of the building. We could see a vaulted roof above us, pillars and aisles; but all so indistinctly that they gave a fairy, uncertain air to the whole place, very much at variance with its actual substantial proportions. Our crowd of people dwindled down to about fifty, and we were beginning to feel that we had quite exhausted our present means of entertainment when the music recommenced. Much as we had hitherto heard of the organ, we had not been prepared for the sweet, soft tones with which we were first saluted. In America, our church music is so apt to be loud, noisy, and more intended to excite the wonder of the listener at the speed with which the musician elicited such a volume of sound, than any other feeling, that to go where the express object of the organist was to show the power and merits of his instrument, and to hear sounds which would have been sweet even in a private parlor, seemed to imply at least a different taste for music. The tones of the organ reminded me constantly of the finest notes of the human voice; and I listened a half hour, hearing no strains but were so gentle that the clear song:

of a bird might have blended with and been heard above them.

The last piece of the performance, however, was of an entirely different nature, and showed what the instrument could be made to do, if occasion should require. It was part of a celebrated German piece, and in imitation of a storm. To an ear trained to this kind of music, perhaps, it would have been suggestive of what was intended. Although I knew what was playing, I could only imagine when the drops began to patter down, and really was certain only of the thunder. As for the lightning, I had supposed some artificial light would of course be introduced into the church, and therefore lost entirely the stroke which was intended to imitate it. The piece was long, and I suppose very artistic. Certainly the walls of the old church seemed to shake beneath the thunder, as much as if they trembled under a real clap; and the organ rolled, with the distant and near howling of the wind, in a most threatening manner. I could hardly believe it could be the same instrument which had sung so softly to us, and were I again to visit the

church, if I must lose one part of the performance, it certainly would not be the one to which I listened at first.

This organ was built by a native of the town, Aloys Mooser, and is reported to be one of the finest instruments in Europe. It has sixty-four stops, 7,800 pipes, some of them being thirty-two feet long. But as it was perfectly dark in the organ loft, we had no idea of its exterior, and no time on the next morning, when we made a hurried visit to the bass-reliefs, to see it again.

“This bass-relief represents the Last Judgment. In the centre stands St. Nicholas, and above him is seated the Saviour; on the left hand an angel is weighing mankind in a large pair of scales, not singly, but by lots, and two imps are maliciously endeavoring to pull down one scale, and make the other kick the beam; below is St. Peter ushering the good into Paradise. On the right hand of the reverse of the picture, a devil with a pig’s head is dragging after him by a chain a crowd of wicked, and carries a basket on his back, also filled with figures, apparently about to precipitate them into a vast caul-

dron suspended over a fire which several other imps are stirring. In the corner is hell, represented by the jaws of a monster, filled up to the teeth with evil-doers, and above it is Satan, seated on his throne."

It is very curious, and withal very horrible. It shows also in a painful manner the ideas which are entertained of a future state of existence. The malevolence and hatred expressed in the faces of the fiends are only human passions in their worst shape, and the sufferings inflicted are the most revolting kinds of physical pain. Such ideas of futurity seem to be the natural growth of that religion which recognizes the atonement of the sins of the soul as capable of being made by the final sufferings of the body. One would think our moral nature dependent upon and responsible for our physical, instead of the mind "being its own place, and making a heaven of hell, or hell of heaven." There is no one thing more painful to those accustomed to the simplicity of a faith almost destitute of forms, than his entire forgetfulness of the "things unseen in the seen and passing; endeavoring to have

the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

What effect sculptured scenes like this may have upon the minds of the common people who go daily to worship in the church, it would be impossible to say. In all probability they do not comprehend the minutiae of its details, but they know the general subject, and can make out enough from it to convey false and cruel ideas, not only of eternity, but of the justice of God.

A group of children gathered this morning to look at it with us, and followed with eager and wondering eyes the finger of our guide, who pointed out, one after another, of the different designs. This, I thought, as I turned away, is their Sabbath school instruction. Alas for them! what a misguided, ignorant future it opens for them; how different from our American children at home!

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

ONE feels almost ashamed to confess to himself the feeling of disappointment which comes with his first view of Milan Cathedral. As Italy is the head of the Roman faith, so we should expect her churches to be models of what a Catholic church ought to be, and our expectations, as to the first one which we were to see, the far-famed Duomo at Milan, were any thing but commonplace.

As we turned from a gay and brilliant street, on the first night of our arrival, into the square where the cathedral was, we saw a large and variously colored building, which we knew could be no other, yet how different from what we had anticipated! It seemed to have breadth and length, but no height, and as we could not discover the smaller architecture, to be little more than a pile of stones. It was just at dusk, and this added much to the uncertain, inelegant look of the whole. After our first morning

visit, we could never recall our early impressions; certainly they vanished most entirely upon a closer examination, and from a pile of stones, the cathedral became one of the rarest and most elegant buildings in Europe.

Its early history is similar to that of the others which we have noticed; the present building is the third, if not the fourth, which has been erected on the spot. One of the earliest notices we find is in a letter from St. Ambrose to his sister Marcellina, in which ~~he~~ writes of this as "a great, new Basilica."

The first cathedral was probably destroyed by the barbarian Attila in one of his predatory excursions into Italy. The second was burned by accident in 1075, and the third was partially destroyed by Frederick I. in 1162. He thought the lofty bell tower would afford too convenient a place for a fortress, and in his attempt to take it down it fell, and, breaking through the roof of the building, did much damage. After this, the present building was erected. The first stone was laid March 15, 1386, by an Italian duke, named Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti

Various motives are attributed to him as prompting him to the undertaking. One of the most probable is, that it was done in the fulfilment of a vow, though from the known fondness of the duke for the arts, it is not impossible he wished to erect a national monument of architecture. He seems to have spared neither pains nor expense; for having heard of both Cologne and Strasburg cathedrals, he thought the best architects must necessarily come from Germany; therefore he sent for them to come to Milan. After examining various plans, he chose one designed by the German, Heinrich Ahrler, and, associating with him other artists from various parts of central Europe, had the building commenced. This unpatriotic act was most unwelcomely received by the Italians, and perhaps it was to gain more credit at home that at last Italians were called in. The progress of the building was very slow; a hundred years after its commencement, we hear of a letter to the magistrates of Strasburg, requesting them to send their chief architect to Milan to consult about the construction of the central tower. //

The history of the erection of this cathedral is the history of centuries. One age made a cupola, another a central tower and a spire, another a façade, another a nave. One inserted a superb row of Gothic windows, and his successor took those away and introduced Roman designs. From 1100 until the present year, there has never been a time when a scaffolding has not been erected upon some part of the building, and the work of rebuilding or repairing going on.

In 1806, Napoleon, whose fancy seemed much struck by the architectural wonders of Milan, himself assumed the responsibility of finishing the work. He spent over three million and a half of francs upon it, adding Gothic windows, and finishing the greater number of the pinnacles and flying buttresses with which it is surrounded. It was proposed to flank the front with superb belfry towers, and designs for these were sent to Napoleon at Moscow, and lost with his kingdom there.

At this day the work is continued with a good deal of spirit by the Austrian government, but it is impossible to believe it will

ever be entirely completed. It is calculated, that, in order to be finished, the niches and pinnacles of the exterior will require 4,500 statues, as many as make the entire population of some towns. Of these, 3,000 are now done; and as you walk slowly around the building, it seems as if you were in a village where the inhabitants had been suddenly changed into stone. Beside these statues, there are a vast number of basso-relievos, with an almost endless variety of story and legend. With our Saviour, the Virgin, saints, and martyrs, we see mixed up heathen mythology.

On one of the principal doors, the scenes of the creation are finely sculptured, but it requires much time and patience to study them out; and, becoming soon weary of a fruitless effort to collect an idea of the whole from such a variety and multiplicity of parts, you are glad to ascend the summit, from which you can obtain a much more connected view. You ascend at first by steps upon the flying buttresses, and then find yourself at the foot of the narrow, winding stairs, which go up through open work,

reminding you of the towers at Strasburg. This brings you to the platform of the octagon, and another similar flight will take you to the foot of the pyramid. Any one who has ascended Strasburg will not turn back from the dangers and difficulties here; and they will be more than repaid for the effort. The open tracery is of exquisite finish; the smaller ornaments of lilies, sunflowers, baskets of fruit, and cherubs' heads, are as perfect as if upon each one depended the reputation of the building. The roof seems a perfect forest of pinnacles and buttresses, while the numberless statues look like the ghosts of men wandering around among them.

When you reach the octagon gallery, you forget the building in the prospect which is spread out before you. There, as far as the eye can reach, stretches out the plain of Lombardy, studded with towns and villages, while on the north and west the range of the Alps seems to shut them in. Mountains, too, which, you know, border Lake Como and other of the Italian lakes, and to the westward the Simplon and Monte Rosa, so called from the beautiful rosy light, which at sunrise

and sunset bathes the whole of its snowy summit. The boundless plain of the Po is also before you, and in a clear day you may discern Lodi, Cremona, and Crema.

The ground plan of the cathedral is a Latin cross. As you enter the front portal you are at once struck with the loftiness and the size. One broad nave with four aisles divides the body of the church, and the aisles are separated by four ranges of colossal, clustered pillars, with nine columns between. Fifty-two pillars, each formed by a cluster of eight shafts, support the arches upon which the roof rests. The pillars are eighty feet high, with a diameter for the shaft of eight feet; so, if one will take the trouble to look at something of similar height, they may obtain some idea of a building where fifty-two of such support the roof. The vaulting of the roof springs at once from the pillars, so there is no arch, gallery, or any other thing to bewilder the eye as it takes in the immense height above. As there are no chapels to break the surface, the whole impression is received at once; and in this respect it differs from any other cathedral in Europe.} The

beautiful capitals of the pillars of the nave and choir are formed by a wreath of foliage mixed with figures of children and animals ; above is a circle of eight niches corresponding to the distance between the shafts of the clustering column, and each niche is adorned with a statue covered with a canopy. Every pillar, however, has a different design ; and the only question the visitor has, is which is the most beautiful. The roof itself is painted in very elaborate fretwork, the work done by modern artists, but the design, one which was made soon after the first building of the Duomo.

Directly in front of the centre doorway are two large, solid, granite columns made from a single stone. These were given by San Carlo, a saint to whom the cathedral as well as Milan owes much, and whose history will be briefly given in the close of this chapter. These are the largest shafts in Italy, and were, until recently, the largest in Europe ; now they have some larger at St. Petersburg, in the church of St. Ivan. The space of the church is so clear that you are immediately attracted by the painted windows.

Originally all the windows were filled with painted glass, but much has been destroyed. It is now the object of the Austrian government to restore them; but the difference between their work and that of ancient times is very great. They have completed three large windows behind the altar; the upper part is filled with scripture historical paintings, the lower with scenes from the Apocalypse.

The first time we visited the church, we went to attend morning mass. The hour was as yet early, and as we entered the large door we could only see that some few persons had gathered together in the choir of the church; no sound reached us, though as we found on nearer approach, service had already commenced. Perhaps a hundred persons were present; but in a building which would hold many thousands, they formed a very sparse congregation. Priests in their rich robes were kneeling before the altar, candles were burning, and the service was being chanted in a loud and clear manner. In what appeared to us the midst of the ceremonies, a priest entered burning incense, and

we found ourselves watching it, as it curled slowly up, until it was lost in the high vault above, and then, not understanding the muttered prayer and becoming soon weary of monotonous repetitions, we began to leave the priests and notice the altar, at which they were then officiating. On the high altar is a small temple of bronze, under which is a tabernacle of gilt bronze, covered with figures of our Saviour and the twelve apostles. This was a gift of Pius IV., and is a most exquisite work of art; so are also the richly carved walnut stalls which surround the choir. Here we studied numberless bass-reliefs, all filled with the miraculous histories of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. The organ cases, too, were rich with gilded carving and paintings, so very unlike any other organs we had seen, that we should never have suspected what they were, if we had not occasionally heard from one of them a few notes accompanying the monk's chant.

A very unique candelabrum hung from the roof here, which we were told was kept sacred for holding the *pascal candle*. This was a new light of the church to us, but we

made no special inquiries, for our priestly guides were none too communicative touching church matters to disbelieving heretics. As mass was unusually long, we stole softly away, and going behind the altar, found ourselves just in time to see the windows in their greatest perfection. The morning light was streaming gaily through them; each bright color looked as if it had been freshly touched with the artist's pencil, and in its soft and beautiful light all the near objects seemed to acquire new interest. Two of the great pillars, between which you enter the choir, are surrounded by bronze pulpits covered with basso-relievos. They are supported by the figures of the four Evangelists and the four doctors of the church,—Sts. Gregory, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine. Upon these stalwart and bending figures the light from the window fell with great distinctness; and their dark and solemn look made a very singular and striking contrast with the gay colors. We saw too that sacred reliquary, which, on the feast of the "Invention of the Holy Cross," is first exposed upon the altar, and then

carried around the city attended by the priest in full canonicals, — a solemn and sad procession. We were anxious to know what it could be that in such a church was deemed worthy of such a place, and ventured to inquire. With a shake of his head, as if he were “casting pearls before swine,” the man reluctantly said, “It was no less than a nail from the cross.” We had already seen too many of such relics to feel any great desire to have a view of this, but if we had wished it should not have been allowed.

We seated ourselves in the glorious light of these windows, and waited quietly until mass was concluded, then commenced the regular sight-seeing of the church. When the church was first built, it was intended to have only one altar; and now, though the original design has not been strictly adhered to, yet there are fewer of these than in any other church. Altar tombs are occasionally seen, with the usual accompaniments of figures in the niches, images of the Virgin, crosses with the extended figure of our Saviour, and sometimes statues of the

occupants of the tomb. As the names of the dead were all those of strangers to us, we only stopped with interest when the tomb or the statue was designed by some great artist. The first one we examined was one designed by Michael Angelo for a member of the Medici family. Next to this tomb is a splendid painted window, which is covered, rather oddly it struck us for a church, with the armorial bearings of the same family. Then come tombs of canons of the church, a governor of Milan, a sitting statue of a pope, and a curious old tablet of marble, said to be of great antiquity.

Under the central window we saw engraved on a marble tablet a long list of the relics of saints,—fingers, toes, teeth, and a variety of similar precious memorials, which were the valuable possession of the church.

One of the things of most real interest to us was the cross which was carried before St. Carlo around the city during the plague. It was quite a wonder how they could spare so sacred a relic out of the sacristy. The sacristy has many other things, however, which

are worthy a visit. Two priests were ready to attend us as we signified our wish to enter, and we could not but be amused at the manner in which each showed sufficient of the sights to enable him to demand a fee.

The first thing we saw was a manuscript copy of the Gospels, bound up in a very richly worked cover. This style of enamel work belongs back as far as the Carlovingian era, so there is no doubt of the real antiquity of the copy. On certain high festival-days the priest reads from it; at all other hours it is sacredly kept out of sight.

Another curious thing is a small vessel of ivory, richly ornamented with whole length figures of the Virgin and Child and the Evangelists. This was given to the church in 978, and is believed by the faithful to have belonged to the holy St. Ambrose. These relics were so small and nice in their character, that we were hardly prepared for the show which was made when the cupboard doors were swung back, and we saw whole life-sized statues of men, made of solid silver. Since we had come to Milan, there was one face which was reappearing everywhere; it

was quite as common as that of Washington in America ; and now we no sooner saw the long, thin nose, the sunken cheeks, the small eyes and high, narrow forehead of one of these statues, than we exclaimed, San Carlo !

“ Yes, yes,” said the priest, in no way surprised at our recognition ; then waited quietly for us to name the other. But this was beyond our power. We shook our heads, and with a look of both pity and contempt he said, “ Not know St. Ambrose !”

These two statues were the gifts of the goldsmiths of the city in different eras, and are masterpieces of skill and ingenuity. Beside these, there are several busts of the same material whose names we took no trouble to remember, and much elegant modern jewelry, some the gift of popes and some of jewellers, but now all become holy. There was a curious mitre, which was said to have been worn by San Carlo during the pestilence.

We were conducted from this sacristy to a lower chapel to see the shrine of the church, of course connected with San Carlo. Another priest came to attend us, and, taking a

key from a large bundle under his gown, he led us to a door under a part of the choir, which, having crossed himself, he opened. We descended a few stairs, and found ourselves in a plain chapel, which is made under the choir for the convenience of service during the winter, when the large church becomes too cold to be occupied with any comfort. A side door from this leads into a narrow entry, perfectly dark. Here our guide lighted a large torch, and, holding it high so to light us all, led the way through the winding passage to a small chapel. This chapel is shaped in the form of a lengthened octagon, and is only lighted by an opening into the pavement of the church above. As we entered I saw a shadow pass before it, and on looking at it more steadily found it was an old woman kneeling and saying prayers before the shrine. I afterwards noticed that this was a favorite place; and I do not know that in my many visits to the church I ever saw it unoccupied. By the help of our torches, which our guide held carefully just around the walls, we saw that they were covered with eight oval bass-reliefs, representing the principal events in the

life of the saint. On one of these, a tablet, given by the money-changers, are cornucopias literally overflowing with money. We saw real golden florins, pistoles, ducats, all fastened together by some curious contrivance which we looked in vain to discover. The lower part of the walls was hung full of votive offerings, most of them very rich and costly,—crosses elegantly inlaid with precious stones; rings with jewels of all kinds and values; hearts; and silver and gold images of our Saviour;—but all these things fade from sight in comparison with the splendor of the coffin, or shrine, in which the body of the saint is deposited. This is made of gold and silver gilded, the gift of Philip the Fourth of Spain. The following description I take from a guide-book.

“The front is lowered by a windlass, and displays the corpse dressed in full pontificals, reposing in an inner shrine, or coffin, and seen through panes of rock crystal. The panes are so large as to excite some suspicion whether they are not very fine glass, and whether the manufacturers of Murano may not have furnished the material supposed to

be the production of nature. The skill of modern embalmers has not been able to preserve the body from decay. The brown and shrivelled flesh of the mouldering countenance scarcely covers the bone, and the face alone uncovered offers a touching aspect amidst the splendid robes and ornaments in which the figure is shrouded. Upon the sarcophagus and all around worked upon the rich arms is repeated, in golden letters, San Carlo's favorite motto, '*Humilitas*,' which, long before his time, had been borne by the Borromeo family." "*Humilitas!*!" what a mockery it seemed in that gorgeous chapel, where the richest and costliest that the world could afford were lavished upon a tomb! It was difficult to remember, that for all this the good man, whose bones rested among so much of earthly pomp and splendor, was not responsible; for this act of idol-worship, which, had he been able to have foreseen, there is no doubt he would have forbidden; for he was truly humble and good.

San Carlo Borromeo, or Count Charles Borromeo, was born in Arona in 1558. The ruins of the old castle which was then the

residence of his mother are still to be seen. It overlooks the beautiful Lake Maggiore, and all around it the Alps rise in solemn grandeur. Amid such scenes, it is no wonder that the boy acquired the love of the beautiful and good which afterwards distinguished him through life. At Arona there is now a colossal statue, made of bronze and copper, which has been erected in honor of him by subscription. This statue is sixty-six feet high, and as the pedestal upon which it stands is forty, it well deserves the name of *colossal*. It has a benevolent expression and much grace, notwithstanding its mammoth proportions. Those not contented with the outside view are enabled, with two ladders lashed together and a good deal of scrambling, to climb up into it. The exploit is attended with a good deal of danger and fatigue ; and the only reward which is promised is a seat in the good man's nose. This feature is so constructed as to form a nice easy chair, and the head is said to be capable of holding three persons at once.

As a boy, San Carlo exhibited a most singularly grave and kind disposition. Born to

great wealth and to the highest station, he seemed to delight in nothing so much as quiet walks along the mountain-side, or to rock in his boat upon the still lake, while he studiously perused some book. So remarkable were these traits, that at the age of twelve he was made "a commendatory abbot;" at twenty-one, doctor; and at twenty-two was appointed by his uncle, Pius IV., "apostolical protonotary, cardinal and archbishop of Milan." In situations of so much power he soon became noted for the wisdom and justice of his decrees; for his urbane and thoughtful kindness; for his universal benevolence and his acts of self-denial. The young ecclesiastic, enthusiastic and devout, spared no mortifications or penances by which to secure his own eternal salvation, or set an example of holy living before others. Austere and uncomplaining, he soon lost the health of youth in fasting and midnight vigils, and bore about with him daily, not figuratively, but really, the "thorn in the flesh." One of his first official duties was to reform abuses in the church; this he did with so much zeal, that,

good as he was, he made for himself many secret enemies. The peculiar order of monks called the Humilitats were noted for their immoralities, and, having introduced salutary reforms among them, they conspired to murder him. We find the following account of the act. •

“A priest named Favina was hired for money to execute the deed. He gained access to the private chapel, and as San Carlo was kneeling before the altar, fired at him point blank with an arquebuse. At this moment they were singing the verse, ‘Let not your heart be troubled, neither be ye afraid.’ The bullet struck San Carlo in the back, but did not penetrate his silken and embroidered cope, and dropped harmless upon the ground; and the failure was considered an evident interposition of Providence. San Carlo continued in prayer while all around were in consternation. The assassin escaped for a time, but was ultimately executed, though San Carlo endeavored to save him.”

A great many beautiful stories are told of his kindness and generosity to the poor.

Having sold his life-interest in a principality, for which he received 40,000 crowns, he ordered it to be distributed, and his almoner to bring him a list of the poor, and the hospitals in his diocese. Having carefully performed this pleasant duty, when he added the sum total all together, the almoner found it amounted to 42,000 crowns. As he was beginning to revise, in order to omit some, the Saint stopped him with these memorable words. "Let it remain for their benefit;" and the whole was distributed in one day.

At the time of the great plague, when everybody of wealth was flying from the city, San Carlo remained, and in a most gentle and humane manner performed not only the great ceremonies prescribed by the church in times of such public calamity, as bearing the cross through the streets in solemn procession, and carrying the host, but administering the sacrament to the dying. This of course was attended with the greatest personal risk, and therefore we have many statues and bass-reliefs in which these different scenes are represented. It would be quite a study to collect these various imagin-

ary visits, for though there is no doubt that such were actually made, yet the circumstances must have prevented their ever coming to the artist's knowledge. His brave self-denial made him even in his lifetime almost beloved by those poor sufferers as a saint; and it is no wonder, with their belief in saint worship, that they should have been ready to canonize him when dead. It was confidently believed at the time that he had the power of working miracles, that he could not only restore the sick, but could raise the dead to life. He is represented as performing many of these wonderful acts in the pictures which adorn the churches bearing his name.

November 4th is the saint's anniversary, and on that day large pictures, kept sacred at other times, are displayed between the pillars of the transepts and the nave of this cathedral, representing the principal events of his life, both its incidents and its miracles. We were in Rome on this day, and went to see the Pope celebrate mass in honor of the saint, in a church bearing his name. Surely if pomp and show could honor a holy memory, his Catholic highness spared none then.

We stood in the streets while the long and glittering procession passed us on its way to the church. The military were all in attendance; banners were flying, drums were beating, whole bands were playing, with such a clang and clash of instruments as we had never heard before; and long rows of carriages and horses, whose trappings shone like burnished gold, with coachman, footman, and outriders, all in gay and heavy livery, preceded and followed the coach of the successor of the apostle. "Humilitas" certainly was not written upon the procession, nor did it obtrude itself, unless by way of contrast, in the long and splendid rites of the church.

Next to St. Peter, it seemed to me there was no saint more respected and beloved by all, high and low, than San Carlo. As might be expected, a life like his was not destined to be a long one. He died at the age of forty-six, worn out by his severe labors and severer austerities. A favorite subject for the Italian pencil is the good man's reception into Paradise. He is met and welcomed by hosts of admiring angels, while the Madonna,

with an exultant smile, holds out her hand, anxious to conduct him to the presence of her Son. Our Saviour benignantly awaits him, and his expression says, as plainly as words, this welcome : “ Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me in : naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me.”

San Carlo’s life and death are among the rare instances of the “ pure and undefiled ” which are to be found enrolled among the saints. And although we turn shuddering away from that senseless idolatry which embalms the remains and enshrines the dust to which God has commanded the body to return, saying masses for the soul, and praying to a poor fellow-mortal like ourselves, yet we cannot but admire, and we would do well to imitate, that benevolence and self-denial which are always offerings well pleasing in God’s sight.

As we were to be in Milan on the Sabbath, we determined to attend high mass in the cathedral, and at an early hour left our hotel for that purpose. As the Sabbath is a fête day, no shop is found open, or only those whose business renders it necessary. As we walked slowly along, the streets were filled with a greater variety of people and costume than we had seen in Italy before. Peasants, in their gay holiday attire ; market women, with a clean cap, and perhaps a bunch of flowers laying upon their fresh vegetables ; soldiers, in the neat and handsome Austrian uniform ; priests, in the long black robes and turned up black hats ; and children, with their prematurely old faces and quaint dresses, looking as unlike children and as much like dwarfs as possible.

As we approached the Duomo, the crowd increased, and we found ourselves able to make our way with much difficulty to the main entrance. Booths were erected as near together as they could be fixed, and these were filled with the greatest variety of cheap wares, interspersed with stands of rich and tempting fruits. There was a man with

toys, buttons, cheap jewelry, coarse pictures, knives, and thread. Next him might be seen baskets of grapes, in large and tempting clusters, with the purple and green figs piled up in pyramids. Then a table spread with images of San Carlo crosses, rosaries, short printed prayers and plaster Virgins. An old woman, so old and wrinkled that almost every vestige of humanity seemed to have left her seamed and ugly visage, sat roasting chestnuts over a few coals and dealing them out to her many customers with pinching but accurate justice. On the very steps of the church a half dozen men were busy making ice creams, while a crowd of impatient customers stood ready to buy them as soon as they were frozen. There was much loud talking; but it was all so rapidly spoken that it was impossible to catch a word; but it had the same chaffering, busy sound heard so constantly in the streets on market-days.

Surely there was nothing outside the cathedral to remind us that it was the Sabbath, and as we opened the door nothing in the stillness and solemnity of the church. There

was a large congregation assembled; even in that vast building they filled up from directly before and around the choir to the first or second pillar; but they were also walking around in the aisles as if they had chosen that place for their Sunday promenade, and going and coming without the least cessation. We approached the choir, and immediately were offered two chairs,—one to occupy as a seat, the other to kneel upon,—the floor never being cleared, and of course in no condition to be approached, even in devotion. Services were proceeding all unintelligible to us, but exhibiting the usual variety of dress and genuflection. The rites of this church differ in some important respects from those of Rome. They keep the Ambrosian rite, notwithstanding many efforts have been made to change it for the Roman service. The priests have become so attached to it, that a strict adherence to its use is rather a point of national honor. The service is longer than the Roman service, and the Scriptures are not read from the Vulgate, but from an ancient version called the *Itala*, which was made before that of St. Jerome.

No instrumental music is allowed but that of the organ; and all we heard was a low, monotonous chant, as destitute of music as it well could be. If music at all was to be allowed, we could not imagine why, at least, it might not be made to assist the devotions.

We were informed that there were many minor parts of the service where a difference from another church was much cherished, and it extended itself so far as even to affect the shape of the censers. But as we were novices in all form-worship, we could ascertain no differences from our own observations; we only know that the services seemed long and tedious; more than that, they seemed frivolous in the extreme; and as we had no heart to join in their worship, so we soon took our leave, wondering how much of that Sabbath service could be acceptable in His sight who inhabiteth a temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. As we left the church we were surrounded by a motley assembly of sellers, beggars, and children, all clamorous in presenting their different claims, and all equally difficult to send

away. Nothing proclaimed the sanctity of the Sabbath. Under the shadow of that great cathedral upon which so many millions of treasure had been lavished, the pure, simple heart-worship of that Being for whom it had nominally been erected was less known or practised than among the North American Indians, who, amid their grand old forest temples, forget not to recognize the Great Spirit who made them, and in some wise to regulate their daily lives in accordance to what they know of his will.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

ST. PETER'S.

THE name of Basilica is given to those churches in Rome which are erected upon the places that in former times were occupied by buildings used as halls of justice. Where the church of St. Peter now stands in Rome, Nero once held his courts; and it is a singular and touching fact, that the most splendid

church edifice in the world covers the ground wet with the blood of the martyrs slain by one of its most cruel and sanguinary persecutors.

The fact of St. Paul and St. Peter having suffered martyrdom in Rome is, among the Catholics, an unquestioned fact, and hardly had their sainted bodies mouldered into ashes before their canonization began. Ninety years after Christ, St. Anacletus, Bishop of Rome, upon whose head the blessed hands of St. Peter had bestowed gifts and conferred ordination, erected an oratory on the site of the present structure to mark where the apostle was interred after his crucifixion.

In 306, the emperor Constantine the Great, wishing to have a memento which would ever connect him with Christianity in the minds of futurity, built a splendid basilica here, pictures of which are even now remaining. In 1450 it had fallen with the Roman empire into ruins, and the attention of the Pope was directed toward restoring or rebuilding it. From this time, for the period of three centuries and a half, we have nothing but a history of new architects and new plans.

One would determine to erect a splendid building in the form of a Latin cross, and, having with immense labor and cost proceeded a little way in his design, would die, and his successor, preferring the Greek cross, would demolish what had been done, and commence anew. The whole reign of a pope was often only sufficient to build a pier or construct a façade. A singular fatality seemed to attend the erection; a feasible plan was no sooner formed than either the pope or the architect died, and had it not become a point of religious honor to have it completed, it might, like so many other cathedrals, have still remained unfinished.

When Michael Angelo was seventy-two years old, and his reputation as an artist and architect firmly established, he received a letter from the Pope, inviting him to take charge of the building. The Pope, knowing the character of the man, gave him unlimited authority to pull down, remodel, or alter into any form which he thought best. But hardly had this wise choice been made when the Pope died, and for a time it was doubtful whether his successor would con-

tinue Michael Angelo in his place, or appoint another architect from the crowd of applicants. But fortunately he confirmed the appointment, and Michael Angelo, with many haughty expressions of resentment at the delay, consented to continue his plans. He chose the form of the Greek cross, altered as little as possible, but was necessarily obliged to enlarge and strengthen, and, changing entirely the form of the dome, boasted that he would "hang the Pantheon in the air." The Pantheon is a large, circular temple, once used for heathen worship, but still remaining almost entire, and noted for the exquisite beauty and symmetry of its proportions. The drum of this dome alone was completed when the great architect died ; but he left his designs all carefully developed, and so much had the vastness and magnificence of its commencement pleased the Pope, that the succeeding artist was commanded to follow out the plan most carefully. Two more artists died without completing it, and at last Sextus V. became so anxious to see it finished, that he employed six hundred workmen, *night and day*, and devoted 100,000 gold crowns annually to pay its expenses.

In 1590 it was declared perfect, and now nothing remained but the façade and portico before the whole church should stand as the greatest monument of Michael Angelo's genius. Unfortunately the new artist abandoned the original design of Michael Angelo, and built a portico which hid partly from sight what the artist had intended as the glory of his work; but the architect was not wholly to blame, for he was obliged to make his portico cover some shrines and sacred places which Michael Angelo has considered as wholly unworthy to interfere with the general appearance of the basilica.

At the close of the seventeenth century the structure was completed, having extended over the reigns of no less than forty-three popes, and through the lives of numerous architects. The cost is estimated to have been 46,800,498 scudi,—the scudi is about equal to our dollar,—and this does not include numberless expenses, each one of which is greater than the cost of most of our entire churches. For example, the sacristy cost 900,000 dollars; and besides

this there were bell towers, mosaics, models, statues, and a variety of other expensive things. It is very difficult to obtain any accurate idea, either of expense or size, from the mere sound of round numbers; but if a little pains is taken to see how many acres are contained in these numbers of feet, it will give some more definite notion of the building. (The space covered by the building is said to be 240,000 square feet.) Another estimate may be made from the large sum of money spent yearly on repairs, superintendence, and so forth. It costs the Pope annually 30,000 scudi, and as it is almost the only well kept church in Europe, one does not wonder at the want of neatness in other places, if it is only to be purchased at so immense a cost.

The expense of building the church was so great that all common means of meeting it were found entirely inadequate; and the two singular facts, in connection with the choice of the spot for the erection and the completion of the church, show in how marked a way God was bringing from heathenism the pure and simple faith. The martyrs here

first sealed with their deaths their firm belief in the existence of one only true God; and long years after, when their religion had become so mingled, by the worship of images and saints, with error as scarcely to retain a trace of its Divine origin. For the money necessary for the erection of this church, the popes were obliged to resort to the sale of indulgences, and these indulgences soon wakened the spirit of the Reformation, the whole rise and progress of which is too well known to need repetition here. Thus, while the popes were laboring to add to the splendor and power of their religion by the concentration of art in one great temple at Rome, they were allowed, like Solomon, to lavish upon it all that gold or silver or cunning workmanship could devise; but the spirit of the child Jesus was already standing beneath its walls among the doctors, and reasoning with them of things difficult to be understood, "hearing and asking them questions."

The first visit to the Church of St. Peter may be considered an era in a person's life; so we felt it as we slowly took our way thither one bright fall morning. The air was

clear and crisp, and as our carriage was open, in order to give us the full view of every surrounding object, we found ourselves hiding our cold fingers, and wishing for some of the cloaks and furs which we had left in America.

The shop windows, as we drove along, were filled with precisely those kinds of goods which most attracted our observation, old pictures, faded and time-worn, but only the more precious for that; bronzes with the arch of Titus and Constantine conspicuous amongst them; mosaics of every form and size, from the most delicate pin to the centre-table; engravings of all the choice pictures and historic spots which make Rome. If St. Peter's had not been before us, we should have found plenty to see in going thus slowly through the street. Here was a marble palace, with the old face of Time looking out from all its small, arched windows, and before it, on the round stones which formed at once the side-walks and the pavement of the street, a slow and solemn procession of monks were bearing the host to the dying. Every one they met dropped upon their

knees as it passed, and even we, heretics as we were, felt as if in the presence of death. Priests and soldiers filled the street; the long white, black, or gray dresses of the one forming a singular contrast to the tight, showy uniform of the other. It was difficult to say, as we looked into these impassive, expressionless faces, which told the history of their lives the most plainly, for both were subjected to a daily routine of action where they were allowed no more privilege of thought or feeling than if they had been mere machines. The consequence is, what might be anticipated; the men become stupid, and the soul seems deadened or rather darkened within them, and for the first time you learn in Rome how lifeless a thing a human being may become.

We passed the Tiber on a noble bridge, which was crowded with soldiers and carriages, and saw before us the Castle of St. Angelo; now we knew we must be near St. Peter's, for we had read that a covered way extended from the Vatican to this castle. It is a military station, and exhibited many signs of life as we were passing. Sentinels

walking to and fro before the gates, small detachments of soldiers filing in and out, as if executing orders, and the roll of the drum announcing change of guards. But interested as we should have been in the old castle at any other time, we noticed now that our driver quickened his pace, looked back pleasantly into the carriage, and in a moment more, pointing with his whip forward, said, "There." Yes, *there it was*. We recognized it at once, with its long colonnades, its open space, its two playing fountains, its Egyptian obelisk, and its commanding portico; but where was the dome, Michael Angelo's vaunted dome! We could just discern it above the statues which covered the portico; but how low it seemed, how different from what we had anticipated! We ordered the driver to stop with us at the commencement of the first colonnade, and, alighting from the carriage, we endeavored with a most fruitless, painful effort to obtain some idea of the whole building. It occupies an irregular square. There is the broad entrance directly opposite the church, and extending between, in a semicircular shape, the two col-

onnades, which are almost as noted as the basilica itself.

These colonnades were built by Bernini, a celebrated statue artist, under the patronage of Alexander the Seventh, and occupied in building ten years. They are sixty feet wide, sixty-one high, supported by four rows of columns, so arranged as to leave room between the inner rows for two carriages to ride abreast. The number of columns in both colonnades is two hundred and eighty-four, beside sixty-four pilasters. On the entablature are one hundred and ninety-two images of saints, each one of these figures twelve feet high. These colonnades terminate in two covered galleries three hundred and sixty feet long and twenty-five broad, which communicate with the vestibule of St. Peter's. These galleries are not parallel to each other, but grow broader as they approach the portico,—lessening in that way the size of the building so much that it seems impossible to believe, what you find true upon actually walking over it; that is, that the distance from the end of the colonnade to the portico is two hundred and ninety-six feet. This is divided

into several flights of steps ; at the foot of the first are two colossal statues, of St. Paul and St. Peter. The steps are broad and not high, so the ascent is easy ; indeed, you are so busy looking at the portico before you, that you scarcely notice them. The façade is built of travertine, a common building stone in Rome, noted for its durability, and it is of a dark gray color not unlike our granite, though not as handsome.

This façade looks, to uninitiated eyes, as if it might be the church itself, for it is divided into three stories, and has an attic beside. In front are eight columns and four pilasters, of the Corinthian order ; each column is eight and a half feet in diameter and ninety-one feet high, including the capitals. Each story has nine windows, and some heavy balconies, from which, at Easter, the Pope distributes his blessing upon the assembled crowd below. The attic is crowned with thirteen statues, of the Saviour and his twelve apostles. As we looked up at them from the steps, they looked as if they might be about three feet high ; but when we stood by them on our ascent to the dome, we found them

seventeen feet. There is an inscription on the entablature, recording the dedication of Paul the Fifth. It seemed very inappropriate to us to see the name of any man on such a place.

Five large, open entrances lead you into the vestibule. Of its length, breadth, and height, figures can give but a very inadequate idea. You try in vain with your eye to measure it, and, though you may keep repeating to yourself that it is four hundred and thirty-nine feet long, sixty-five high, and forty-seven broad, you feel as if it was almost immeasurable. At the two extremities are two large equestrian statues. Wondering what saints they have mounted on horseback, you approach them to find one Constantine, the other Charlemagne. There is only one other ornament of much importance here, which has a more appropriate subject. It is a large old mosaic, placed directly opposite the front door. Originally it was considered a work of much merit, but having belonged to the old basilica, it has changed places several times, and become in its removes so mutilated that it is now said to retain hardly a trace of its

former self. The design is, St. Peter walking on the sea, supported by the Saviour. It was high up, so that we could not see it distinctly; still we could not help thinking its greatest merit must be its antiquity.

There are five doors leading into the church, corresponding with the five entrances into the vestibule. The great bronze doors in the centre first attracted us. These had belonged to the old basilica, and, like the mosaic, had been removed to the new church. They were filled with bass-reliefs containing historic Bible stories, and also those of the pontificate of Eugenius IV., during which time they were made. It showed the singular mixture of the religion to see the coronation of a king by the side of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul. But this incongruity is slight in comparison with that between the framework of the door and the character of the building. These are covered with bass-reliefs of all kinds of mythological subjects, none too wild or impious,—satyrs, nymphs, and whole myths find there place here.

One of the doors adjoining this is the door

called the Porta Santa. This is marked by a cross in the middle, which the Pope pulls down on Christmas eve, once in twenty-five years. This jubilee occurred for the last time in 1850. Then Pius IX., approaching the door with a slow and stately step, struck it three times with a silver hammer. The rest of the work is performed by less holy hands. A heavy leather curtain hangs over the inside of the principal door, and it requires no little strength to raise it when you wish to enter. Whatever preparation one may suppose themselves to have received from the descriptions which they have read, and from the extensive and splendid architecture by which it is surrounded, the first feeling, as the curtain falls behind you and you stand within the church, is one of grandeur and awe, unlike that received from any other work of art. Recalling it months after, I could compare it with nothing but the emotion with which I first stood before Niagara Falls. Vastness, sublimity, a grandeur not of man, seemed breathed from its solemn walls, and we stood, not wishing to advance, not daring to speak, lest we should break the spell.

“This *is* St. Peter’s!” said some one at last, and we slowly advanced while we repeated to ourselves these lines,—

“ But thou of temples old, or altars new,
 Standest alone — with nothing like to thee —
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
 Since Zion’s desolation, when that He
 Forsook his former city, what could be
 Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessened, but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality: and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined
 In thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies; nor be blasted by his brow.”

There was much poetry and truth in this description, but, alas for the poet by whom they were penned! the worship undefiled, to his unbelieving heart, consisted in the worship of the beautiful, whether in art or nature; and his Holy of Holies, where God was most

visibly enshrined, was where he could see the cherubims keeping watch over the altar.

The measurements of the interior of St. Peter's are all accurately given in English feet; but the impression is so valueless conveyed by them, that we hesitate to give them. Size is by no means one of your first thoughts; the richness and perfect proportion of the whole, directs you entirely from feet and inches. There is a broad, open space running from the entrance to the Baldachino, or canopy, over the high altar, which stands directly under the dome. Five massive piers, supporting four arches, separate this open space, or nave, from the side aisles. Each pier is faced by two Corinthian pillars of stucco, having in two niches, which are made between them, colossal statues of the saints, and the founders of different religious orders. Corresponding with these great arches are side aisles, and from these aisles open a variety of chapels, almost all of which are worthy special notice.

We proceeded directly up the nave, looking before and behind us, now catching a view of a piece of statuary at our right, and now a large picture at our left, until we reached the

spot toward which, we noticed, all on entering first bent their steps. Here we found a seated bronze figure, about the size of life, with the right foot extended, but the position otherwise that of one quite at his ease. The figure represented a man past middle life, with very little expression excepting that which necessarily belongs to bronze; a high, bald forehead; unmarked features, which received no aid from plain drapery. A rude, coarse thing, — could it be the far-famed statue of St. Peter! We waited to see a party of those well dressed Italians approach it, determined to watch the salutation. They first rubbed the handkerchief lightly over the toe, as if to remove the last breath left upon it, then kissed it, then pressed their foreheads against it, again kissed it, again pressed their foreheads, and passed on to one of the boxes designed for confession. There was no doubt now, that in very truth *this was* the idol, and surely no Hindoo ever worshipped one much more unsightly. This was idolatry in its worst form, and yet above us rose the most splendid Christian church in the world; and in its consecrated walls, this was the first act of

devotion. Some antiquarians affirm that this statue was cast by St. Leo out of the bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, and others more recently assert that it is the identical statue of the old heathen god Jupiter himself, transformed by the miraculous command of the Pope into St. Peter. Others think it was made by some early Christian to personate the apostle; but by whomever done, it was certainly executed at a period after the decline of the arts, and boasts nothing of merit as a piece of sculpture. It is said that the toe has been once renewed, having been fairly *kissed off*. However this may be, it had now in truth diminished in length an inch, if not more, and presented a worn, shiny appearance, very unlike that of any other part. We turned away from it with disgust; and only a few steps before us was the high altar, with numberless lamps in full blaze before it. This altar is immediately, so say the good Catholics, over the grave of St. Peter, and under the dome. Of course it is a fitting spot to receive the costliest finish. The Baldachino is made of solid bronze, supported by four spiral columns of the composite order, and covered

with the richest ornaments, many of which are of gilt. It is ninety-nine and a half feet high to the summit of the cross, and cost one hundred thousand dollars. This for the canopy alone. The altar itself exceeds it in magnificence, and is esteemed too sacred to be used only on solemn ceremonies.

The confessional is surrounded by a circular balustrade of marble, and from this balustrade one hundred and twelve lamps are burning day and night. Before the confessional is a kneeling statue of Pius VI., by Canova. The Pope is represented praying before the tomb of the apostle, and his expression and attitude are very fine. A double flight of steps leads down into the shrine. Into this no woman is allowed to enter without special permission, excepting on Whit-sunday, when men are excluded. It is a small chapel, ornamented with bronze bass-reliefs, illustrating the history of St. Peter and St. Paul. The walls are lined with rich decorations; some of the finest and choicest marble, and a few works of art. Several historical personages have been considered worthy of resting here; and, by the side of

St. Peter, we read the names of the last representatives of the house of Stuart, who had wandered to Italy to die.

Above this sacred spot rises the dome, at once the pride and glory of the church. As you stand by the altar, you look up, up, until the mosaics and ornaments are lost in the distance, and you can only discern that you have not as yet found the roof that covers you. Michael Angelo, in this dome, was able to do what so few are in this world, make good his boast. He did indeed hang a dome in the air, which exceeded by two feet, in the measurement of its outer walls, the diameter of the Pantheon. It rises from four colossal piers, each one having two niches, one above the other, facing toward the high altar. In these lower niches are statues sixteen feet high; they are of four saints,—St. Veronica, St. Helena, St. Longinus, and St. Andrew. We looked at them in astonishment. New as works of art were to us, we could see nothing in these deserving of such a place. Above these, in the second row of niches, are kept the treasured relics of the church. In that over St. Veronica is the

handkerchief containing the impression of our Saviour's features, which is shown during the holy week with every thing which ceremony can do to add to its sanctity. Over St. Helena is kept a piece of the true cross : over St. Andrew, the veritable head of the saint himself, which is now rendered doubly precious by having once been stolen, and miraculously found and restored. Upon the spot, outside the walls, where it was buried, Pius IX. has erected a statue of the saint, in memory of the event. The lance of St. Longinus finishes the list: but let no heretic eye ever expect to look upon these relics, unless willing first to embrace the Catholic faith, and then arrive at the rank of canon of the church. In these niches are also some spiral columns, which Titus, so says the church, brought from the temple of Jerusalem ; probably they are as true relics as any of the others. Above these niches are medallions representing in mosaics the four evangelists. Some idea of their size, though they look small as you look up to them, may be gained from knowing that the pen in St. Mark's hand is six feet long. Above this, around the whole circum-

ference of the dome, runs this inscription, the letters of which look twelve inches, perhaps, long, but which are actually six feet:—“Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

The drum of the cupola has thirty-two Corinthian pilasters and sixteen windows. Above the windows are different compartments, filled with gilded stuccos and mosaic representations of saints, the Virgin, and our Saviour. Far above these, on the ceiling of the lantern, is a mosaic of the Almighty. This is so placed as to crown and look down upon the whole church. This mosaic is a copy from a celebrated painting; but, like every other of the same kind, strikes the beholder with a chill sense of impiousness and irreverence. To attempt to paint the glories of that face, of which all we know is that no man can see it and live, is the height either of blasphemy or ignorance; and we would not willingly gaze upon either. Yet nothing is more common in Italy than these representations of Deity; and you cannot see a reverend old man, with a solemn countenance and long,

flowing beard, without feeling almost sure you shall read in the explanation of the picture the name of Jehovah attached to it.

The cupola in itself deserves all that has ever been said in its praise. In a description of it, we read: "The cupola is glorious, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decorations; viewed either as a whole or a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast upon,—a sublime, peculiar as the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot."

Back of the high altar is the tribune, said to have owed its beauty to decorations devised by Michael Angelo. Here is the chair, so necessary to the very existence of the Romish faith,—the identical chair in which, according to church tradition, St. Peter and many of his immediate successors officiated. This chair is inclosed from common sight in a chair of bronze, made by the celebrated artist Bernini, as early as 1667. It is said, that once, when the chair was taken out to

be cleaned, some curious workmen discovered upon it these words: "There is but one God, and Mahomed is his prophet;" but only heretics believe this. It is supported by four fathers of the church, rather uncouth statues, but still looking as if they could sustain the weight of the dignity with much ease. This honor is equally divided between the Latin and Greek church. Having St. Augustine and Ambrose from the one, and St. Chrysostom and Athanasius from the other.

From this tribune, we began to take a nearer and more connected view of the pictures, statues, tombs, altars, and chapels. Most of the monuments are erected to the memory of the popes. There is generally a life sized statue of the man, in some expressive attitude, while allegorical pictures are made to illustrate his character.

Paul the Third has two female figures, representing Prudence and Justice. Urban the Eighth, those of Justice and Charity. Alexander the Seventh, Justice, Prudence, Charity, and Virtue. A modern one, by Thorwaldsen, for Pius the Seventh, exhibits the Pope in a sitting posture, with two angels

representing History and Time near him, and lower down, two larger figures of Power and Wisdom. But the most touching and beautiful monument in St. Peter's, the one to which we oftenest returned, was one by Canova. It is the result of eight years of labor; and those, too, the eight best years of his life, for he finished it when he was thirty-eight years of age. It is the tomb of Clement the Thirteenth, and representing the Pope—a fine, expressive figure—praying. No attitude is so beautiful and appropriate as this for a monument. The bent knees and clasped hands, the wrapt and solemn expression of the face, seem so fitted to express the occupation of prayer and worship, in which the deceased is now supposed to be engaged. Any of the worldly occupations seem so out of place where we know “there is no more labor” for the still occupants of that tomb, “under the sun,” that we turn with pleasure to those symbolical of their present state.

On one side of the Pope is the angel of Death,—a most exquisitely beautiful figure,—with his torch reversed. No words can

describe this sad, sweet face. There is pity for the grief of the human hearts which he is daily breaking, but a firm and gentle resolve to execute the divine behest. In fine contrast is the figure of Religion, on the other side of the Pope. With a face radiant with joy and hope, without one trace of mortal sorrow, she holds a cross in her hand, at once the seal and token of that faith which meets death boldly, with the blessed words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Two lions complete this group. One is asleep; and the relaxation of every muscle, the closed eye and dropping jaw show the skill of the artist. We were reminded, immediately, of Thorwaldsen's celebrated dead lion, the monument at Lucerne for the Swiss guards who fell in the French Revolution; and we never felt more strongly with how much truth Sleep might be said to be the brother of Death.

Over a slab tomb, covering the remains of Leo the Eleventh, is the largest bass-relief in the world. It represents the Pope threatening Atilla with the vengeance of St. Peter and St. Paul if he should venture to enter Rome. The figures are life size, and we studied it

with much interest. Besides these mentioned, there are very many others which would deserve notice did the limits of this chapter allow; but, as it is, we must pass on to the chief ornament of the church, the mosaic pictures.

Every one has seen the small Roman mosaics which are brought so frequently to America for breastpins, and knows that those are made of little stones, so put together as to form the design, whatever it may be; but, in this country, there has very rarely been seen a large and complicated mosaic picture; yet the walls of St. Peter's are covered with them, of a size and kind, of which the possession of one here, would be considered a national treasure.

I have no idea, in feet and inches, how large one of these may be; but as they look large in St. Peter's, it may be imagined what their dimensions actually are. These pictures are exact copies of the best pictures in the world. In the most costly mosaics, precious stones are used, cut into small pieces; but in the common works of art, enamels of different colors, manufactured expressly for this pur-

pose. The enamel is formed into sticks, from the end of which, pieces of the requisite size are cut off. These are then confined to their proper place by a cement, upon a plate of metal. The cement is spread over the plate, a drawing of the picture made upon it, and the artist, with his picture before him, proceeds to copy.

It would seem as if it would be impossible to make any resemblance between stones and the strokes of a pencil; but after seeing the copy of Raphael's Transfiguration in mosaic, and then the original, we found our wonder at the exactness and fidelity of the copy increase upon each examination. The same bright colors, the same expression to the different countenances, the same grouping, the light and shade even, were all there.

In looking at the mosaics, it would be impossible to tell the difference between them and an oil painting, if you were not quite familiar with them, and the rays of the light did not fall in the exact way to expose the little separations caused by the different stones.

There are here copies of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, — the Incredulity of St. Thomas, —

Ananias and Sapphira, — Presentation of the Virgin,— and several other celebrated pictures. In the whole church there is but one oil painting of any size. The reason for the preference given to these mosaics must be, that they are less liable to injury from accident, as they can be rubbed off and polished down, so to look as well as at first. Beside ornamenting large niches left between the pillars, these mosaics are used in the side chapels ; sometimes there are found here much choicer specimens of art than in the body of the church. Altar-pieces by celebrated artists are not infrequent, and will often draw the visitor away from the larger and more conspicuous pictures.

The number of chapels is not very large, but they all have in them some objects of peculiar interest ; for example, the first one on the north side of the door as you enter has a marble group sculptured by Michael Angelo, and said to be the only work on which he ever inscribed his name. This represents the Virgin with the dead body of the Saviour upon her knees. Probably, judged of artistically, it is very fine, but to my eye it was painful and trying. The lifeless body

of our Saviour half reclines, half hangs, over the knees of the Virgin; and the impropriety and unnaturalness of the thing take away all appreciation of the sad, sweet face of the mother, or the anatomical nicety with which the relaxed muscles represent death, in the Son.

In another chapel is the column said to have been brought from the temple at Jerusalem, and to be the one against which our Saviour leaned when he disputed with the doctors. It contains, too, a curious old marble sarcophagus, used as a baptismal font as early as the fourth century. It has five compartments, representing Christ and the apostles, and is highly interesting, as showing the union so early between religion and art.

The chapel of the Madonna, designed by Michael Angelo, has its cupola all covered with beautiful mosaics. In this chapel we once saw a funeral ceremony taking place. The body of the dead man was placed upon a bier in the middle of the chapel; a splendid black velvet pall, heavy with gold and silver embroidery, swept the floor. The body seemed uncovered, though we did not ap-

proach quite near enough to make ourselves certain ; four large candles burnt at the head and foot of the bier, and a number of priests, dressed in the richest robes of their order, chanted the service for the dead. Every thing was solemn and impressive ; no indecorous haste. The priesthood in Rome are not so occupied but that they have sufficient time to bury their dead.

Near this chapel is the choir, where service is daily celebrated. The first time we listened to the ritual in St. Peter's was on Sabbath night. Vespers on that fête day are unusually impressive ; the music is performed by the Pope's choir, and some dignitary of the church officiates. It has three rows of carved stalls and two fine organs. These organs are placed upon little wheels, and in this way are drawn about to whatever chapel mass is to be celebrated. The services in themselves were always to us simply a succession of meaningless forms. The constant change of dress and attitude, the swinging of the silver censers, the responses, and the chanting, all were alike unintelligible. But the low, soft music went to our hearts, and was the

only thing in all that vast temple that spoke to us of heaven and God. The choir were dressed in their purple robes with the muslin tunic, trimmed with that broad, rich lace called the priests' lace. On this Sabbath evening there were ten present, and the exquisite training and finish of their voices only those who have heard them can appreciate. There seems a peculiar harmony between music and religion ; and the words of the Latin chant, with its repeated invocations to the Deity, lingered around the clustering pillars, and rolled up into the mighty dome, fitting sounds for such a receptacle. We sat down upon the base of one of the columns,— for no chairs are to be hired in St. Peter's,— and, covering our faces with our hands, endeavored to forget all but the music. It was quite dark before it ended, and in the deepening twilight, the one hundred and twelve lamps over the grave of St. Peter gave a brilliant but peculiar radiance. They lit up the kneeling figure of the Pope with an unearthly light, and glanced from his dark, still face down the marble steps, until lost in the holy gloom below. We walked around,

looking carefully at the new phase which the darkness put upon every object. It seemed as if the vast church had become suddenly peopled with a host of spectres. The marble statues, cold and deathlike, indistinct of expression but strong in outline, we could almost fancy coming down from their pedestals to meet us; and the figures in the pictures, which so short a time ago seemed almost possessed of life, now faded away like a host of retreating worshippers, after the service which called them together had closed. We came very near paying dear for our curiosity, by being obliged to spend the night within the walls, for, as we emerged from a distant chapel, we heard the sound of shuffling feet hurrying toward us, and an old man, gesticulating most earnestly, and muttering Italian so fast that we could not distinguish a word he said, made us at last understand that every door but one to the church was closed; and that out of that, whether we wished it or no, we must immediately proceed. As there was no help, we reluctantly obeyed. We wished another ten minutes, to see how the Baldachino would

look above these burning lamps, and the dome, with the last ray of light that rested upon Rome lingering over its mosaiced roof; but we must go; and, following our guide, we found ourselves leaving the church by the private entrance for the priests. This was dark and vaulted, not even the lantern of our guide, as he swung it slowly round before us, giving us much idea of where we were.

After our exit, we found ourselves at the back of the church, with a long walk through many devious and unknown streets, before we were in the familiar path; but we must make the best of it, so we boldly started. We were shortly brought up before a most fantastically dressed soldier, whom we afterward learned to know as one of the Pope's body-guard. He was dressed in clothes made like the dress of the Turks, only consisting of various colors,—red, yellow, blue, and green, sewed together in strips. We were so occupied looking at him that we forgot to tell him our situation, until reminded by him that no one was allowed to pass without a special order. He seemed quite amused at the incident which had befallen

us, and directed us, in the most intelligible manner he could, to the place where we could find a carriage. We made many visits afterward to St. Peters', but never one where we received so many new and peculiar impressions as on this memorable lock-up.

Our next visit to St. Peter's was for the sake of ascending the dome. In order to do this, a special order is needed ; this we obtained with difficulty, as you do every thing in Rome, where a business tact is needed ; but at last, holding the permit in our hands, we presented ourselves at the office, near the foot of the stairs, and claimed permission to ascend. A sickly-looking priest was standing there, and, on hearing our intentions, some words passed between him and the priest in office, and we were told that he would accompany us. As it is very common to send a responsible person with strangers, we were not surprised ; but as I cast my eyes over the emaciated, sickly-looking man, I felt sorry that he should be compelled to such an unnecessary exertion ; for, Yankees and heretics though we were, we had no intention of writing our names either with pencil or jack-knife, or of

setting fire to the mighty dome. The priest had a meek, supplicating look, which implied a character hardly able to cope with any such intentions, had we indulged them.

We had climbed too many high places not to have learned that our first steps must be slow and cautious, if we would succeed in gaining the height, so we put our feet upon the first broad stone step with a droll mixture of reverence and dread. The stairs, as far as the roof of St. Peter's, are so broad and low that a horse could, without any difficulty, be driven up and down. We stopped to propose a donkey, upon which the priest laughed as if we had intended a compliment, all the time shaking his head. The staircase is spiral, but winds so gradually around that you hardly notice it. The passage is broad and well lighted, giving now and then from its windows a glimpse of the prospect which is in store for you.

We found ourselves constantly detained by the guide, as we thought him, and when we had reached the roof, he seemed so exhausted that we began to question him as to his real position with regard to our party. His story

was simple. He was no guide, but a stranger in Rome, and anxious to visit the dome. He was sick, and therefore unable to go up alone, and had been waiting for a party who were willing to look a little after him. Of course, this altered the whole face of affairs; and for the rest of the ascent and descent we regulated our progress to accommodate him, but not without many fears, so entirely did the exertion exhaust him, that he would have to be carried down. He had a perfect Italian face, small, regular features, and a bright black eye, which shone almost with supernatural brilliancy, as, panting and faint, he threw himself down to rest, and caught through the window the view of the Rome of his Roman fathers; and he seemed to us a sad type of the change which had come over that old world, worn-out, fading, dying, yet with the light and fire of ancient heroism still slumbering amid the smouldering ashes.

On reaching the roof, we entirely forgot that it was a roof. Its broad, flat surface seemed more like a paved square of a city than like any thing else. A fountain is ready to play, and small buildings are erected upon

it, in which some of the workmen, kept busy about the repairs of the building, reside.' We saw a blacksmith's shop with the furnace in full play, and men walked about as if they were only occupied in the ordinary affairs of every-day life.

We first went to see the statues of our Saviour and the twelve apostles, which had looked like such pigmy figures to us from the corridors below: now the scene was reversed; the statues towered far above us, coarse but grand, and the corridors, with their army of statues, looked like an assemblage of dwarfs. The two fountains in the square, which, as we had stood beneath them, seemed to throw their water out of our sight, now looked like thin, painted images, still and white; we saw no play of the drops, no glistening and glancing as we had below. Even the late obelisk, which stood a monument of the power and strength of Rome, had shrunken to a better proportion with surrounding objects. This obelisk deserves a special notice; and as we first devoted our time and thought to its history as we stood looking at it from over the parapet of the

roof from between the colossal feet of the statue of our Saviour, I will give it here. This obelisk is a solid mass of red granite, without hieroglyphics, as we found on many of the others. It was brought from Heliopolis to Rome by Caligula, and Pliny gives a most interesting account of its voyage. He says it was brought in a ship so long that it nearly covered the left side of the port of Ostia. It was found in the circus of Nero, on the spot where the church of St. Peter now stands, and of course was moved to its present position on the building of the church.

There is a very interesting account by Domenico Fontana, the architect who accomplished the task, of its being raised upon the pedestal where it now stands, which we copy entire: "Not less than five hundred plans had been submitted to the Pope by different engineers and architects, but the event fully justified his choice. Six hundred men, 140 horses, and forty cranes, were employed in the removal. Fontana calculated the weight of the mass at 903,537 Roman pounds; the expense of the operation was 37,975 dollars;

the value of the machinery and material, amounting to half that sum, was presented to Fontana by the Pope, as a reward for his successful services. The operation is described at length by writers of the time, and a painting representing it is preserved in the Vatican library. Many curious facts connected with the process are mentioned; the ceremony was preceded by the celebration of high mass in St. Peter's; the Pope pronounced a solemn benediction on Fontana and the workmen; and it was ordered that no one should speak during the operation on pain of death. It is stated, however, that the process would have failed from the tension of the ropes, if one of the Bresca family had not broken through the order by calling upon the workmen to wet the ropes. But the common story, if it has less of truth, has more of romance in it. It is said, that among the crowd assembled to see the feat performed was an English sailor, who, making his way through the Italians, had placed himself in the front ranks. As the heavy mass was lifted slowly and surely from the ground, he was observed to exhibit every mark of

deep interest. When midway, the ropes cracked, an uneasy sideway motion was observed, and, while all were holding their breaths in momentary expectation of the fall and crash, the sailor, springing forward, called out in a loud and commanding tone, Wet the ropes there! wet the ropes! This was immediately done, and the precious obelisk stood firmly in its present position. The height of the whole, from the ground to the top of the bronze cross, is 132 feet, 2 inches; the breadth of the base 8 feet, 10 inches. In 1740, the cross upon the top was renewed, and some relics of the true cross were then placed within it. It seemed now, as we looked down upon it, almost impossible to believe that such an unwieldy mass had been moved by human skill; and we were forcibly reminded of the Archimedean power, which only needed a lever of sufficient strength to move a world.

After leaving the roof, the ascent becomes more difficult; the stairs wind between the double walls of the dome, and we were glad to find ourselves coming to some of the many resting-places which are provided.

Before you enter here, an official guide is ready to conduct you, with a formidable bunch of keys, which promise entrance into many otherwise forbidden corners.

The first door which he opens for you admits you into the gallery, which had looked so like a little railing from the floor below. You find it a wide platform, extending entirely around the dome; and your first look over the balustrade is one which you can never forget. The Baldachino, directly before you, has dwindled into little more than a bronze toy; the one hundred and twelve lamps look like fire-flies; and the kneeling Pope like a small brown bundle. The human beings who are moving around upon the pavement scarcely seem human. It is as if you were suddenly transported into some Lilliputian world.

Turning dizzily from this, your eye rests on the mosaics behind you. As you looked up to these, though distinct, they had appeared small and fine; now, to your astonishment, eyes large as saucers, and mouths whose huge dimensions remind you of a whale's; hands capable of lifting the obelisk, and limbs

that could, like the statue at Rhodes, stretch from shore to shore, have taken their places. The mosaic of the Almighty, on the cupola above you, grows more profane as you see it more nearly. You can scarcely believe it the work of an artist.

As you walk slowly around the dome, you receive, at every point, new impressions ; and when you ascend still higher, and come out upon another gallery, you are satisfied with a single glance down upon the dim, shifting figures below you.

Our companion, the priest, did not take an unnecessary step ; as we entered the galleries, he stood close by the door, casting many nervous and hurried glances around, but more above than below him. As the passages became narrower, the stairs steeper and darker, he grew nervous, panted wearily for breath, and exclaimed often with touching sadness : “ Me malade ! me malade ! ” Poor man ! we could not imagine what could have tempted him to make this ascent, if it were not undertaken as a penance or a pilgrimage. We stopped to rest very frequently on his account, and were more than repaid by the dif-

ferent views which we were thus able to obtain of the surrounding landscape.

After going up short flights of crooked stairs, through narrow, arched, and winding passages, we find ourselves emerging at last upon an opening directly below the ball. This ball, from below, had looked like a good large pumpkin, such as we had seen often in the fields at home, but here we found ourselves beside a room eight feet square, capable of holding sixteen persons; but we were also beside one of the finest views the world affords, and we turned to see it. Before us lay stretched the whole world of ancient Rome. In childhood we had plodded over it, with our well worn Latin book in our hand, with Hannibal's armies. We had come home with numberless Roman generals from their successful wars, and followed in much astonishment the pride and pomp of their triumphal entry. We had read and shuddered over Nero's cruelties in the golden palace, beneath the blue, vaulted roof of the Coliseum, or in the circus, over whose remains we were this moment standing. The palace of the Cæsars had been a house with whose glories our

imagination had loved to revel. With the downtrodden Jews, we had filed in sad and solemn procession through the triumphal arch of Titus, and even Constantine, with his great soul struggling so blindly between the breaking light of Christianity and the deepening gloom of heathenism, had peopled the streets and filled the palaces with the half bold, half fearful multitude, who were already indulging the presage, that, at no distant day, the sceptre of imperial Rome should pass from a temporal to a spiritual power. Now, all these scenes and places were before us. On one side lay the Campagna with its gentle undulations and long, waving grass,—the tomb of the past. The Apennines, alone unchanged, rested against the deep blue of an Italian sky, as still and majestic as when God had first pronounced them the “everlasting hills;” and the “tideless sea”—the classic Mediterranean—lay as quiet and soft in the landscape as if it too, like the hills, was at rest. With a faithful eye, we studied out each storied spot in the vast scene; and what spot was there to which there was not some history attached. The seven-hilled city sur-

rounded us, and as we walked slowly around the balcony we pointed out each familiar place; the Palatine Hill, the Capitol, the Forum with its immortal ruins; the ruins, ivy and moss grown, of the Coliseum; the long, low arches, which told where the famed aqueducts had once been; Caracalla's sumptuous baths; the line of the Appian Way, stretching away from Rome, between tombs, back into the past; these, and many other things which are irrelevant here, presented what we had never seen before or expected to see again; and it is no wonder, therefore, that we tired our feeble priest and easy-looking guide out of patience, and that at last we were politely reminded that we had remained as long as it was customary, and the guide was needed elsewhere. But, notwithstanding his haste, with the prospect of another fee, he proposed the ascent of the ball, and also of the cross. As you enter the ball, a hot, unpleasant air, as if the sultry summer winds had been caught and confined there for centuries, almost appalls you. Most of our party turned back, and those who were adventurous enough to proceed only reported a close,

murky place, pitch dark, with no reward but the feeling, as you looked up from below, that you had actually been in that glowing ball, so far, far above you. The cross, which surmounts the whole building, can be ascended by means of a small iron ladder, which winds around on the exterior of the ball, and leads to it, but no one cared to go; from what we had already seen, we could easily believe that it was sixteen feet high, though we had boldly said, when we first visited the church, that we had seen as large ones worn around ladies' necks. To descend was now fine sport, or would have been if we had not been constantly stopped by our sick companion. At first he entered heartily into the fun, laughing loudly as one after the other disappeared within the winding passes and then came again in sight, like children playing "bo peep;" but he soon became exhausted, and then, frightened and pale, looked with such an earnest longing for the human sympathy which he was in great part denied, into our faces, that our gayety was gone, and with "measured steps and slow" we watched him descend, even to the last of the broad stone

steps, which brought us once more to the floor of the church.

Upon entering this again, we were struck with the softness and equability of the atmosphere. Here a perpetual summer reigns,—one of our beautiful northern summers,—the thermometer never rises, never falls. Coming in, in summer, from the parching, hot air, you find soon a delicious coolness stealing over you; and in winter, when the sharp, sudden frosts remind you of a December New England morning, you are warmed and refreshed by the soft, genial heat. These facts, perhaps, more than any other, speak of the size of the building, and the thickness and nicety of the masonry.

It now remains for us to give a brief account of some of the principal ceremonies for which this splendid church is used, and our pleasant task is done.

The first and grandest is the illumination of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday. Of this there have been so many descriptions given, that it seems like repeating an old story; but it is nevertheless a story which never grows old, or abates the least in its interest to the

thousands who assemble, year after year, to witness it. Long before night a crowd begins to gather in the square before the church; every spot where a human being can stand is soon filled; the corridors are crowded; the steps, the portico, the whole is swarming with human beings, all looking as intently toward the dark, gray building as if they were expecting it to be endowed with life, and speak. At the appointed moment every column, cornice, and frieze, the bands of the dome, the ball, even to the very top of the cross, suddenly beams out with myriads of light. The effect is instantaneous and astonishing, — no words can describe it. Giving an account of a similar illumination on the finding and returning of the head of St. Andrew to its place in St. Peter's, Hillard says: "An illumination is always beautiful; but the enormous size of St. Peter's makes it sublime. The defects of the building are lost, and only its majestic outlines are traced in horizontal and perpendicular lines of fire. It looks like a glorified and transfigured structure, such as paints itself upon the eye after reading Bunyan's description of the New

Jerusalem, all made of light, and rising up to the sound of celestial music. . . . The luminous dome becomes an aerial vision, floating between heaven and earth, an arrested meteor, which throws upon the dark sky the crimson light of a conflagration. The tremulous movement given to the flame of the lamps by the wind adds greatly to the effect. It seems as if a shower of stars had fallen upon the building, and were yet quivering and trembling with the shock. It was altogether like an exquisite vision, something not of earth; and had we seen the radiant mystery slowly mounting upward and passing into the sky, it would have seemed no more than its natural and appropriate close." There are two illuminations on each evening. The first, called the silver illumination, begins at dusk, and consists of 5,900 lanterns; the second, called the golden illumination, begins at the first stroke of nine, when 900 lamps are instantaneously lighted on every part of the building. There are then 6,800 lamps burning; and this is done at the expense of 600 crowns, about 750 dollars, and the risk of the life of 382 men, who, on small ladders.

and on ropes, at the same instant apply the torch.

On Palm Sunday, the Pope is borne into St. Peter's, where, in the pontifical chapel, he receives the homage of the assembled cardinals, habited in violet robes. Immediately after, he consecrates the palms and distributes them first to the archbishops and bishops, then to the other dignitaries of church and state, then to all such illustrious persons as may wish to receive them. After this distribution, the Pope is carried around the church in a chair, followed in a procession by all those who have palms. It is a most singular and painful ceremony. The handsome Pope, dressed in his rich pontifical robes, sits as uneasily in his high seat as if the motion made him sick, or at least dizzy, and the bearers, in their swollen and red faces, attest the unusual amount of strength which they are obliged to exert in order to support his weight. He distributes blessings with as graceful a motion of his hands as an uneasy man can be supposed to exhibit; and the crowd throw themselves prostrate before him as he passes. In spite of all the pomp and

ceremony, you cannot but be reminded of the carrying around of some heathen idol, and the prostration of the heathen worshippers.

After the procession, the cardinals all change their violet dress for the gay scarlet. High mass is performed in music by the cardinal priest, and then the poor Pope is borne away to the Chapel of the Transfiguration, where he is allowed to be unrobed.

The pronouncing the benediction from the balcony in front of St. Peter's is another ceremony which hallows to the Catholics their great church.

Dressed in his gorgeous robes, he comes slowly out upon the balcony, and the immense concourse in the square before sway to and fro, at first, like the waves of the sea. But it is all perfect stillness; not a sound betokens that there is more of life there than in the statues, which, like the Pope, look down still and cold upon them. At length the Pope, in a slow, solemn voice, repeats this benediction. We copy it entire, that our readers may have an opportunity to compare it with those which we hear from our own simple churches.

“ May the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, intercede for us with the Lord. Amen. Through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, ever Virgin, of the blessed Michael the archangel, of the blessed John the Baptist, of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and all saints, may the omnipotent God have mercy upon you; may all your sins be remitted, and Jesus Christ lead you to eternal life. Amen. Indulgence, absolution and remission of all your sins, space for true and faithful repentance, hearts ever contrite, and amendment of life, may the omnipotent and merciful God afford you. Amen. And may the blessing of the omnipotent and merciful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost descend upon you and remain with you ever. Amen.”

At the last clause, the Pope rises and makes the sign of the cross in front and on each side over the people as he pronounces the holy names. At the word *descend*, he stretches out his arms to heaven, and then folds them over his breast. Then the cardinal deacon reads, in Latin and Italian, the bulls of plenary in-

dulgence. After he has finished them, he throws them among the people, the military bands strike up, the bells of St. Peter's and the artillery of St. Angelo join in the chorus; and amid these sounds the Pope retires.

These are only a part of the grand ceremonials, but as they are the most important, they will be all that we shall now touch upon. A few remarks as to the influence and spirit of Catholicism will close our volume. The Catholic religion seems to us, in America, a very different thing from what it appears when viewed at its head-quarters in Rome. Here, a few emigrants, alike distinguished for their ignorance and their poverty, gather together within the four bare walls of a small church. Excepting in our cities, the priest can visit them but once in one or two months, and religion, as a regulating principle of life, has far less influence over them than memories of that green island home, which lies bathed perpetually in the sun-light of their memory away over the restless deep. Like Ireland, it is a good afar off, back in those days of childhood; and their "Ave Maria's" are much more associated with the rough

shanty and the poverty and suffering of Ireland, than with the little, neat cottage, the plenty and comfort of their new home. But the Romish religion is a very different thing in Europe. The most costly buildings, power, wealth, and influence, all combine to strengthen and exalt the sect, and we find the small, poor church, and, in many countries, the scanty audience, belonging to the reformed faith.

The first feeling which an American has, is wonder that such things can be. The problem of a whole nation of cultivated and educated people believing in ceremonies whose vanity and frivolity is so apparent, and in pious frauds which could hide themselves under no other cloak but that of religion, is one which a closer acquaintance with the faith does not serve to solve.

A few of the reasons why such a state of things does exist, will not be out of place here. And one of the first, which struck us most prominently, was the mixture of the pure and the true with the false.

Like us, the Catholics believe in one only true God, Father of all, omnipotent, omni-

scient, from everlasting to everlasting; and in his only and well-beloved Son, who was born of the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate, was dead and buried. They believe firmly in his resurrection and ascension, and in his power as mediator between God and man.

Their most important rites have for their basis wrong interpretations of different verses of the Bible. From the one, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," they found the right and title of Peter, above any of the apostles, to be at once the head and support of the visible church. His spiritual jurisdiction is clearly defined, also, by the following verse: "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Auricular confession is inculcated by the passages: "Confess your faults one to another," "With the mouth, confession is made unto salvation;" and others of similar import.

The priest's power to forgive sins comes

from this one sentence : “ Whose soever sins ye shall remit, they are remitted unto them ; and whose soever sins ye shall retain, they are retained.” It has been said that “ the doctrine of penance appeals to the mistranslation of a single Greek noun,” and also, “ that the mysterious transubstantiation may be said to rest on a monosyllable.”

But, however all these things may be, there is enough of truth to vitalize the system, to have given it life and strength for more than fifteen hundred years.

Immortality, repentance, and a godly life, have in themselves alone much of the essence of Christianity, and in these they firmly and practically believe.

Another great source of the power of Catholicism lies in its constant appeal to the senses. We all know how much stronger a mental impression is, received through our organs of sense, than any other. This is made use of to its utmost extent. Instead of a long discourse upon the death and sufferings of Jesus, the priest turns toward the expectant congregation the body of our Saviour, skilfully wrought in marble. All the

death-agony is there,— the great drops of blood oozing slowly out of the wounds in his side, his extended and aching sinews, his swollen veins, the rigid contortions of pain, the drooping head, and the grief and sorrow which pain could not obliterate,— are written by the hand of the artist in that actual language which all who see must read. The crown of thorns pierces through the high forehead, and the sweat rolls down the cheek as if now in motion. No words, short of inspiration, could so touch and sway the hearts which are waiting to be moved. “Three or four years ago,” says one of our own eloquent divines, “an Italian friar preached in Rome. His subject was the last judgment; and he handled it in a manner to horrify the poor audience in the utmost degree, using every art his imagination could suggest. Sometimes he threw a veil over the Madonna’s face, or turned her round — for she moved on a pivot — and exhibited her back to the audience in token of alienation of feeling; sometimes he shook her garments, which were black, allusive to the train of thought in which he was indulging; he then produced an

dead substances though they are, they possess the power of bestowing life, and of working wondrous miracles. In some of the churches, parchment lists are made, and suspended upon the wall.

In the Church of the Holy Cross we are told there is the finger of St. Thomas, with which he touched the most holy side of our Lord ; a great part of the holy veil and of the hair of the Virgin ; and one bottle of our Saviour's precious blood. Here, too, is some of the manna of the desert,—part of the rod which Aaron budded,—and relics of eleven of the Hebrew prophets. In another church,—St. John Lateran,—may be found the table upon which the Last Supper was eaten, and various other sacred and holy relics. Whenever these are exhibited before the people, they are received with every mark of respect. Kissing bones, being touched by fingers, kneeling before a bit of the cross, or a thorn from our Saviour's crown ; any of these will wash away a multitude of sins,—an easy way of making peace with an offended God.

By these imposing forms and rituals they also acquire a permanent hold upon the peo-

ple. There is nothing in the Bible to forbid a ritual, and perhaps in our nature much to be pleased with one. To the Catholics it seems wrong that a priest should minister before the altar without being clothed in a befitting manner. The gorgeous robes, the gold and silver censers, and the fragrant incense which steals to them through the arched aisles, have a holy and peculiar significance ; every ceremony and almost every article of dress is regarded as typical. Says the same author whom we have already quoted : " The crucifix is placed in the centre of the altar where the bloody immolation is to be made ; candles are lighted, by their blaze exhibiting the descent of the Holy Spirit in the form of fiery tongues ; the altar must be of stone, representing the rock of salvation ; the vestments must be white on the festivals of those saints, who, without shedding their blood, gave their testimony by the practice of exalted virtues ; red on the festival of martyrs, violet in times of penance, green on those days when there is no special solemnity, and black on Good-Friday. In the alb of the priest the beholders

see the white robe in which the Saviour was clothed when he was sent back by Herod to Pilate. The cincture reminds the faithful of the cord which bound the innocent victim. The stole is significant of the manner in which the Saviour was fastened to the cross ; it forms a kind of yoke on the shoulders, reminding the wearer of Jesus, who can enable him to bear his cross. The handkerchief suggests to the congregation that by which the Lamb of God was bound to the pillar when he was scourged. Another vestment represents the seamless coat of Christ."

In this manner they entwine so closely the visible worship with the spiritual, that it may be questioned whether they are clearly separated in the minds of the most enlightened and it is certain that they are one and the same thing to the uneducated mass who worship daily.

Their numerous festival or fête days give them strong hold upon the affections of an indolent, pleasure-loving people. The number of canonized saints on its calendar is eleven hundred and twenty-eight, the festival in honor of which are celebrated by the

church generally, or by large portions of it. On these days the shops are mostly closed; no one is compelled to work. We were almost always told, if we desired a piece of work to be completed on Saturday, "There is not time enough, the next day is a fête day." In Rome, particularly, religion is every thing. To a population of 175,000 there are more than three hundred churches, and one ecclesiastic to every thirty of its inhabitants. It seems, in walking through the streets, as if every tenth person you meet is either a priest or a nun.

It would be superfluous for us to dwell here upon the follies or the heresies of the Roman Catholic faith. Based as it is upon much of error and fraud, it must eventually meet with its downfall; but at what time, or in what manner, is known only to Him who seeth the end from the beginning, and out of much evil can bring forth good.

For the present, we see no remarks more applicable to the system, and to the church whose history we have been narrating, than the following, and we think we can hardly close with a thing more apposite. "St. Peter's

church itself may be regarded as a permanent fund, whose value for the papacy, arithmetic can hardly compute. It stands as the noblest representative of the unity of the Catholic faith, in grandeur unapproached by any edifice now standing, or that was ever built by Greek or Roman, and which Michael Angelo said he labored upon for the love of God. By its history, by its associations with the earlier edifice which stood on the same spot, by its faultless proportions, by its effect every year on the thousands who behold it, Protestants and Catholics, the guides of taste and public sentiment in their respective countries, it becomes a support to the system which words have no power to delineate, and an investment for that church immeasurably richer than the marble and gold which so profusely adorn it.

“ In distant Italy, by the banks of the Tiber, St. Peter’s now stands; ~~but~~ there are very many, who, in their anxiety for the future of our own beloved country, predict a time when a similar edifice shall rear its walls and exert its same baneful influence here. This time may God in his mercy avert!”

END.

